

ENGLISH-MEN

For my Money

OR

A pleasant Comedy

Called,

A Woman will haue her Will.

As it hath beene diuers times Acted.

with great applause.



LONDON.

Printed by *I. N.* and are to be sold by *Hugh Perry* at his
Shop in Brittaines Bursse at the signe of the Harrow. 1626

The Actors names.

Pisaro, a Portuguese.

*Laurentia, }
Marina, } Pisaro's Daughters.
Mathew, }*

Anthony, a Schoolmaster to them.

*Harvie, }
Ferdinand, or Sleigham, } Sutors to
Aed, or Walgrave, } Pisaro's
Daughters.
Lion, a Frenchman, } Sutors also
Alvaro, an Italian, } to the 3
Lundalle, a Dutchman, } Daughters.*

Trisco, a Clown, Pisaro's man.

Id. Moore.

Towersen, a Merchant.

Baldiero.

Miron, a Clothier.

A Post.

A Belman.



A
PLEASANT COMEDIE
called,

A Woman will haue her Will.

Enter PISARO.

Pisaro.

HOW smugge this gray-cyde Morning seemes to bee
A pleasant sight; but yet more pleasure haue I
To thinke vpon this moyling Southwest Winde,
That drives my laden Shippes from fertile Spaine;
But come what will, no Winde can come amisse,
For two and thirty Winde that rules the Seas,
And blowes about this ayre Region;
Thirtie two Shippes haue I to equall them;
Whose weak by traughea doe make *Pisaro* rich;
Thus euery soyle to me is naturall;
Indeed by birth, I am a *Portugale*,
Who driuen by Westerlie windes on *English* shore,
Heere liking of the Soyle, I married;
And haue Three Daughters; But impartiall Death
Long since, depring me of her dearest life,
Shee whole discerit in *Canada* I haue dwelt;
And by the Grece trade of *Pisaro*.

Letting

English-men for my money : or

Letting for Interest, and on Mortgages,
Doe I waxe rich, though many Gentlemen
By my extortion comes to miserie :
Amongst the rest, three *English* Gentlemen,
Haue pawnde to mee their Linings and their Lands :
Each seuerall hoping, though their hopes are vaine,
By mariage of my Daughters, to possesse
Their Patrimonies and their Lands againe :
But Gold is sweet, and they deceiue them-selues ;
For though I guild my Temples with a smile,
It is but *Indas*-like, to worke their ends.
But soft, What noyse of footing doe I heare ?

Enter Laurentia, Marina, Mathea, and Anthony.

Laur. Now Maister, what intend you to reade to vs ?

Anth. *Pisaro* your Father would haue me reade morall

Mari. What's that ?

(*Philosophy.*)

Anth. First tell mee how you like it ?

Math. First tell vs what it is.

Pisa. They be my Daughters and their Schoole-maister,
Pisaro, not a word, but list their talke.

Anth. Gentlewomen, to paint *Philosophy*,

Is to present youth with so fowre a dish,

As their abhorring stomacks nill digest.

When first my Mother *Oxford* (*Englands* pride)

Fostred mee puple-like, with her rich store,

My studie was to reade *Philosophy* :

But since, my head-strong youths vnbridled will,

Scorning the leaden fetters of restraint,

Hath prunde my feathers to a higher pitch.

Gentlewomen, Morall *Philosophy* is a kinde of art,

The most contrary to your tender sexes ;

It teacheth to be graue : and on that brow,

Where Beautie in her rarest glory shines,

Plants the sad semblance of decayed age.

Those V Veedes that with their riches should adorne,

And

A Woman will haue her will.

And grace faire Natures curious workmanship,
Must be converted to a blacke-fac'd wayle,
Griefes liuerie, and Sorrowes semblance:
Your foode must be your hearts abundant sighes,
Steep'd in the briuisly liquor of your teares:
Day-light as darke night, darke night spent in prayer:
Thoughts your companions, and repentant mindes,
The recreation of your tyred spirits:
Gentlewomen, if you can like this Modesty,
Then will I reade to you *Philosophy*.

Lawr. Not I.

Mari. Fie vpon it.

Math. Hang vp *Philosophy*, Ile none of it.

Pisar. A Tutor said I, a Tutor for the Diuell.

Anth. No Gentlewomen, *Anthony* hath learn'd
To reade a Lector of more pleasing worth.

Marina, read these lines, young *Harvy* sent them.

There euery line repugnes *Phylsophy*:

Then loue him, for he hates the thing thou hates.

Laurentia, this is thine from *Ferdinande*:

Thinke ebery golden circle that thou seeest,

The rich vnualued circle of his worth.

Mathea, with these Gloues thy *Ned* salutes thee;

As often as these, hide these from the Sunne,

And wanton steales a kisse from thy faire hand,

Presents his seruicable true hearts scale,

Which waites vpon the censure of thy doome:

What though their Lands be morgagd to your Father;

Yet may your Dowries redeeme that dept:

Thinke they are Gentlemen, and thinke they loue;

And be, that thought, their true loues Advocate.

Say you should wed for wealth; for to that scope,

Your Fathers greedy disposition tends,

The world would say, that you were had for Wealth,

And so faire Beauties honour quite distinct:

A masse of Wealth being pour'd vpon an other,

Little augments the shew, although the summe:

English-men for my money: or

But being lightly scattred by it selfe,
It doubles what it seem'd, although but one :
Euen so your selues, for wedded to the Rich,
His stile was as it was, a Rich man still :
But wedding these, to wed true Loue, is dutie :
You make them rich in Wealth, but more in Beautie :
I need not plead that smile, that smile shewes hearts con-
That kisse shew'd loue, that on that gift was lent : (sent ;
And last thine Eyes, that teares of true ioy sends.
As comfortable tidings for my friends. (procures,

Mari. Haue done, haue done ; what need 'st thou more
When long ere this I stoop'd to that faire lure :

Thy euer-louing *Harvie* I delight it :

Marina euer louing shall requite it

Teach vs *Philosophy* ? Ile be no *Nunne* ;

Age scornes Delight, I loue it being young :

There's not a word of this, not a words part,

But shall be stamp'd, seal'd, printed on my heart ;

On this Ile reade, on this my senses ply :

All Arts being vaine, but this *Philosophy*.

Laur. Why was I made a Mayde, but for a Man ?

And why *Laurentia*, but for *Ferdinand* ?

The chastest Soule these Angels could intice ?

Much more himselfe, an Angell of more price :

Weer't thy selfe present, as my heart could wish,

Such vsage thou shouldst haue, as I giue this,

Anth. Then you would kisse him ?

Laur. If I did, how then ?

Anth. Nay I say nothing to it, but *Amen*.

Pisa. The Clarke must haue his fees, Ile pay you them.

Math. Good God, how abiect is this single life,

Ile not abide it ; Father, Friends, nor Kin,

Shall once dissuade me from affecting him :

A man's a man ; and *Ned* is more then one :

Ysayth Ile haue thee *Ned*, or Ile haue none !

Doe what they can, chase, chide, or stonne their fill,

Mathea is resolu'd to haue her will.

Pisa.

A Woman must haue her will,

Pisa. I can no longer hold my patience.
Impudent villaine, and laciuous Girles,
I haue ore-heard your vild conuerfions:
You scorne *Philosophy*: You'le be no *Name*,
You must needs kisse the Purse, because he sent it.
And you forsooth, you flurgill, minion,
A brat seant folded in the dozens at most,
You'le haue your will forsooth; What will you haue?

Math. But twelue yeare old? nay Father that's not so,
Our Sexton told mee I was three yeares mo.

Pisa. I say but twelue: you'r best tell me I lye.
What sirra *Anthony*.

Anth. Heere sir.

Pisa. Come here sir, & you light huswines get you in:
Stare not vpon me, moue me not to ire: *Exeunt sisters.*
Nay sirra stay you here, Ile talke with you:
Did I retaine thee (villaine) in my house,
Giue thee a stipend twenty Markes by yeare,
And hast thou thus infected my three Girles,
Vrging the loue of those, I most abhord,
Vnthrifts, Beggars; what is worse,
And all because they are your Country-men?

Anth. Why sir, I taught them not to keepe a Marchants
Booke, or cast accompt: yet to a word much like that
word Account.

Pisa. A Knaue past grace, is past recouerie.
Why sirra *Frisco*, Villaine, Loggerhead, where art thou?

Enter Frisco, the Clowne.

Frisco. Heere's a calling indeed; a man were better to
liue a Lords life and doe nothing, then a seruing creature,
and neuer be idle. Oh Maister, what a messe of Brewesse
stands now vpon the point of spoyling by your hasti-
nesse; why they were able to haue got a good Stomacke
with child, enen with the sight of them; and for a Vapour,
oh precious Vapour, let but a Wench come neere them
with a Painted face, and you should see the Paint drop and
curdle on her Cheekes, like a peece of dry Essex Cheese
toastd at the fire.

Pisa. Well

English-men for my money : or

Pisa. Well sirra, leaue this thought, & mind my words,
Giue diligence, inquire about
For one that is expert in Languages,
A good Musitian, and a *French-man* borne;
And bring him hither to instruct my Daughters,
Ile ne're trust more a smooth-fac'd *Englishman*.

Frisc. What, must I bring one that can speake Languages?
what an old Assc is my Master; why hee may speake
flaunte taunte as well as *French*, for I cannot vnderstand him.

Pisa. If he speake *French*, thus he will say, *Awee awee* :
What, canst thou remember it?

Frisc. Oh, I haue it now, for I remember my great
Grandfathers Grandmothers sisters coosen told mee, that
Pigges and *French-men*, speake one Language, *awee awee* ;
I am Dogg at this: But what must he speake else?

Pisa. Dutch,

Frisc. Let's heare it?

Pisa. Haunce butterkin slowpin.

Frisc. Oh this is nothing, for I can speake perfect *Dutch*
when I list.

Pisa. Can you, I pray let's heare some?

Frisc. Nay, I must haue my mouth full of Meate first;
and then you shall heare me grumble it forth full mouth,
as *Haunce Butterkin slowpin frokin* : No, I am a simple
Dutch-man : Well, Ile about it.

Pisa. Stay sirra, you are too hastie ; for he must speake
one Language more.

Frisc. More Languages? I trust he shall haue Tongues
enough for one mouth : But what is the third?

Pisa. Italian.

Frisc. Why that is the easiest of all, for I can tell whether
he haue any *Italian* in him euen by looking on him.

Pisa. Can you so, as how?

Frisc. Marry by these three poynts; a Wanton Eye,
Pride in his Apparell, and the Diuell in his Countenance.
Well, God keep me from the Diuel in seeking this *French-
man* : But doe you heare me Maister, what shall my fellow
Anthony doe, it seemes hee shall serue for nothing but to
put

A Woman will haue her will,

put *Latin* into my young Mistresses: *Exit Frisco*

Pisas. Hence asse, hence loggerhead, begon I say.
And now to you that reades *Philosophy*,
Packe from my house, I doe discharge thy seruice,
And come not neere my doores: for if thou doest,
Ile make thee a publike example to the wo. ld.

Antho. Well crafty Fox, you that worke by wit,
It may be, I may line to fit you yet, *Exit Antho.*

Pisa. Ah sirrah, this tricke was spide in time,
For if but two such Lectures more theyd heard,
For euer had their honest names beene marde :
Ile in and rate them : yet that's not best,
The Girles are wilfull, and seueritie,
May make them carelesse, madde, or desperate.
What shall I doe ? Oh ! I haue found it now,
There are three wealthy Merchants in the Towne.
All Srrangers, and my very speciall friends,
The one of them is an *Italian* :
A *French-man*, and a *Dutch-man*, be the other :
These three intyrelly doe affect my Daughters,
And therefore meane I, they shall haue the tongues,
That they may answere in their seuerall Language :
But what helps that ? they must not stay so long :
For whiles they are a learning languages,
My English Youthes, both wed and bed them too :
Which to preuent Ile seeke the Strangers out,
Let's looke : tis past a leauen, Exchange time full,
There shall I meet them, and conferre with them,
This worke craues hast, my Daughters must be Wedde,
For one monthes stay, then farewell Maiden-head *Exit.*

Enter Harue, Heigham, and Walgraue.

Hoigh. Come Gentlemen, w'are almost at the house,
I promise you this walke ore the Tower-hill,
Of all the places London can affoord,
Hath sweetest Ayre, and sitting our desires.

Haru. Good reason, so it leades to Croched Fryers,
B Where

English-men for my money : or

Where old *Pisaro*, and his Daughters dwell ;
Looke to your feete, the broad way leades to Hell :
They say Hell stands below, downe in the deepe,
Ile downe that Hill, where such good wenches keepe,
But sirra *Ned*, what sayes *Mathea* to thee ?
Wilt fadge ? wilt fadge ? What, will it be a match ?

Walg. A match say you ; a mischief twill as soone :
For I can scarce begin to speake to her,
But I am interrupted by her Father.

Ha, what say you ? and then put ore his snout,
Able to shaddow *Paules*, it is so great.
Well, tis no matter, sirs, this is his House,
Knocke for the Churle, bid him bring out his Daughter ;
Ile, that I will, though I be hanged for it.

Heigh. Hoyda, hoyda, nothing with you but vp & ride,
Youle be within, ere you can reach the doore,
And haue the Wench, before you compasse her :
You are to hasty, *Pisaro* is a man,
Not to be fedde with Words, but wonne with Gold.
But who comes here ?

Enter Anthony.

Walg. Whom *Anthony* our friend ?
Say man, how fares our Loues ? How doth *Mathea* ?
Can she loue *Ned* ? how doth she like my suit ?
Will old *Pisaro* take me for his Sonne ;
For I thanke God, he kindly takes our Lands,
Swearing, good Gentlemen, you shall not want,
Whilst old *Pisaro*, and his credit holds :
He will be damn'd, the Rogue before he do't ?

Haru. Prethy talke milder : let but thee alone,
And thou in one bare houre will aske him more,
Then heele remember in an hundred yeares :
Come from him *Anthony*, and say what newes ?

Anth. The newes for me is bad ; and this it is :
Pisaro hath discharg'd me of his seruice.

Heig. Discharg'd thee of his seruice ; for what cause ?

Antho.

A Woman will haue her will.

Anth. Nothing, but that his Daughters learn *Philosophy*.

Haru. Maydes should reade, that it teacheth modestie.

Anth. I, but I left out mediocritie,
And with effectuall reasons, vrgd your lones.

Walg. The fault was small, we three will to thy Master,
And begge thy pardon.

Anth. Oh, that cannot be,
He hates you farre worser, then he hates me ;
For all the loue he shewes, is for your Lands,
Which he hopes sure will fall into his hands :
Yet Gentlemen ; this comfort take of me,
His Daughters to your loues affected be :
Their Father is abroad ; They three at home,
Goe cheerely in, and cease that is your owne :
And for my seife, but grace what I intend,
Ile ouerreach the Chürle, and helpe my friend.

Heigh. Build on our helpes, and but deuise the meanes.

Anth. *Pisaro* did command *Frisco* his man,
(A simple sotte, kept onely but for mirth)
To inquire about in *London* for a man,
That were a *French man*, and Musitian,
To be (as I suppose) his Daughters Tutor :
Him if you meet, as like enough you shall,
He will enquire of you of his affayres ;
Then make him answere, you three came from *Paules*,
And in the middle walke, one you espide,
Fit for his purpose ; then describe this Cloake,
This Beard, and Hatte : for in this borrowed shape,
Must I beguile, and ouer-reach the Foole :
The Maydes must be acquainted with this drift.
The Doore doth ope, I dare not stay reply,
Least being discride : Gentlemen adue,
And helpe him now that oft hath helped you.

Exit.

Enter Frisco the Clowne.

Walg. How now sirra, whither are you going ?

Fris. Whither am I going, how shall I tell you, when I

English-men for my money: or

doe not know my selfe, nor vnderstand my selfe?

Heigh. What dost thou meane by that?

Frisco. Marry sir, I am seeking a Needle in a Bottle of Hay, a Monster in the likenesse of a Man: one that instead of good morrow, asketh what Porrage you haue to Dinner, *Parlee vous signior?* one that neuer washes his fingers but licketh them cleane with kisses; a clipper of the Kings English: an to conclude, and eternall enemy to all good Language.

Harn. What's this? what's this?

Fris. Doe not you smell me? Well, I perceiue that wit doth not alwaies dwell in a Satten-doublet: why, tis a *French man*, *Bassimon ene*, how doe you?

Harn. I thanke you sir, But tell me what wouldest thou doe with a *French man*.

Fris. Nay faith, I would doe nothing with him, vnlesse I set him to teach Parrets to speake: marry the olde Assie my Master, would haue him to teach his Daughters, though I trust the whole world sees, that there be such in his house that can serue his Daughters turne, as well as the proudest *French-man*: but if you be good Laddes, tell me where I may finde such a man?

Heigh. We will, goe hye thee straight to *Paules*, There shalt thou finde one sitting thy de fire,
Thou soone mayst know him, for his Beard is blacke,
Such is his rayment, if thou runn'st appace,
Thou canst not misse him *Frisco*.

Fris. Lord, Lord, how shall poore *Frisco* reward your rich tydings Gentlemen: I am youts till Shrouetewe-day, for then change I my Coppy, and looke like nothing but Red-Herring-Cobbes, and Stock-Fish; yet Ile doe somewhat for you in the meane time: my Master is abroad, and my young Mistresses at home: if you can doe any good on them before the *French man* come, why so? Ah Gentlemen, doe not suffer a litter of Languages to spring vp amongst vs: I must to the Walke in *Paules*, you to the Vestrie, Gentlemen, as to my selfe, and so forth. *Exit Fris.*

Harn.

A Woman will haue her will.

Haru. Fooles tell the truth, men say, and so may he :
Wenches we come now, Loue our conduct be,
Ned, knocke at the doore : but soft, forbear ;

Enter Laurentia, Marina, and Mathea.

The Cloude breakes vp, and our three Sunnies appeare.
To this I flye, shine bright my liues sole stay,
And make griefes night a glorious Summers day.

Mari. Gentlemen, how welcome you are here,
Guesse by our lookes, for other meanes by feare
Preuented is : our fathers quicke returne
Forbids the welcome, else we would haue done.

Walg. *Mathea*, How these faithfull thoughts obey,

Mat. No more sweet loue, I know what thou wouldst
You say you loue me, so I wish you still, (say :

Loue hath loues hire, being ballanc'd with good will :

But say ; come you to vs, or come you rather

To pawne more Lands for money to our Father ?

I know tis so, a Gods name spend at large :

What man ? our marriage day will all discharge ;

Our Father (by his leaue) must pardon vs,

Age, saue of age, of nothing can discusse :

But in our loues, the Prouerbe wee cle fulfill :

Women and Maydes, must alwaies haue their will.

Heigh. Say thou as much, and adde life to this Coarse.

Lawr. Your selfe & your good news doth more enforce:

How these haue set forth loue by all their wit,

I sweare in heart, I more then double it.

Sisters be glad, for he hath made it plaine,

The meanes to get our Schoolemaster againe :

But Gentlemen, for this time cease our loues,

This open street perhaps suspicion moues,

Faine we would stay, bid you walke in more rather.

But that we feare the comming of our Father :

Goe to th'Exchange, craue Gold as you intend,

Pisaro scrapes for vs ; for vs you spend :

We say farewell, more sadlier, be bold,

English men for my money : or

Then would my greedy father to his Gold :
Wee here, you there, aske Gold ; and Gold you shall :
Weele pay the int'rest and the principall. *Exeunt Sisters.*
Wal. That's my good Girles, and Ile pay you for all.
Harr. Come to th'Exchange, and when I feele decay,
Send me such Wenches, Heauens I still shall pray. *Exeunt*

*Enter Pisaro, Delion the Frenchman, Vandalle the
Dutchman, Aluaro the Italian, and other
Marchants, at severall doores.*

Pisa. Good morrow, M. Strangers.

Strang. Good morrow sir.

Pisaro. This (louing friends) hath thus emboldned me,
For knowing the affection and the loue,
Master *Vandalle*, that you beare my Daughter :
Likewise, and that with ioy considering too,
You *Monsieur Delion*, would faine dispatch :
I promise you, me thinkes the time did fit,
And does bir-Lady too, in mine aduice,
This day to clap a full conclusion vp :
And therefore made I bold to call on you,
Meaning (our businesse done here at the *Burse*)
That you at mine entreatie should walke home,
And take in worth such Viands as I haue :
And then we would, and so I hope we shall,
Loosely tye vp the knot that you desire,
But for a day or two ; and then Church rites
Shall sure conforme, confirme, and make all fast.

Vand. Seker Mester *Pisaro*, mee do so groterly dancke
you, dat you macke mee so sure of de Wench, datt ic can
neie dancke you enough.

Delion. Monsieur *Pisaro*, mon Pere, mon Vadere, Oh de
grande ioye you giue me (econte) mee sal go hoine to your
House, sal eat your Bakon, sal eat your Beefe, and shall
racke de Wench, de fine Damoyella.

Pisa. You shall, and welcome ; welcome as my soule :
But were my third Sonne, sweet *Aluaro*, heere,

Wee

A Woman will haue her will.

Wee would not stay at the Exchange to day.
But hye vs home, and there end our affayres.

Enter Moore, and Tower son.

Moore. Good day, Master *Pisaro*.

Pisaro. Master *Moore*, marry with all my heart good
morrow sir: What newes? What newes?

Moore. This Marchant heere, my friend, would speake
with you.

Tower. Sir, this iolly South-west wind, with gentle blast,
Hath driuen home our long expected Shippes,
All laden with the wealth of ample *Spaine*,
And but a day is past since they arriude
Safely at *Plimmouth*, where they yet abide.

Pisaro. Thankes is too small a guerdon for such newes.
How like you this newes, friends? Master *Vandalle*,
Heer's somewhat towards for my Daughters Dowrie:
Heer's somewhat more then we did yet expect.

Tower. But heare you sir, my businesse is not done;
From these same Shippes I did receiue these Lines,
And there inclos'd this same Bill of Exchange,
To pay at sight; if so you please, accept it.

Pisaro. Accept it, why? What sir should I accept?
Haue you receiued Letters, and not I?

Where is this lazic villaine, this slow Poast?
What, brings he euery man his Letters home,
And makes me no bodie? does hee, does hee?
I would not hane you bring me counterfeit;
And if you doe, assure you I shall smell it:
I know my Factors writing well enough.

Tower. You doe, sir; then see your Factors writing:
I scorne as much as you, to counterfeit.

Pisaro. 'Tis well you doe, sir.

Enter Harvie, Walgrau, and Heigham.

What, Master *Walgrau*, and my other friends,
You are growne strangers to *Pisaro's* house:

I pray.

English-men for my money : or,

I pray make bold with me.

Walsg. I, with your Daughters

You may be sworne, wee be as bold as may be.

Pisa. Would you haue ought with me, I pray now speak.

Heigh. Sir, I thinke you vnderstand our sure,

By the repaying we haue had to you :

Gentlemen, you know, must want no Coyne,

Nor are they slaues vnto it, when they haue :

You may perceiue our mindes ; V What say you to't ?

Pisa. Gentlemen all, I loue you all :

V Which more to manifest this after noone

Betweene the howres of two and three repaire to me ;

And were it halfe the substance that I haue,

V Whilest it is mine, tis yours to commande.

But Gentlemen, as I haue regard to you,

So doe I wish youle haue respect to me :

You know that all of vs are mortall men,

Subiect to change and mutabilitie ;

You may, or I may, soone pitch ore the Pearch,

Or so, or so, haue contrary crosses :

V Wherefore I deeme but meere equitie,

That some thing may betwixt vs be to shew.

Heigh. M. *Pisaro*, within this two monthes without faile, V Ve will repay.

Enter Browne.

Browne. Godsaue you Gentlemen.

Gentlemen. Good morrow sir.

Pisa. V What M. *Browne*, the onely man I wisht for,
Does your price fall ? what shall I haue these Cloathes ?

For I must ship them straight for *Stoade*.

I doe wish you my money fore another.

Browne Faith you know my price sir, if you haue them.

Pisa. You are to deare in sadnesse, master *Heigham* :
You were about to say somewhat, pray proceede.

Heigh. Then this it was : those Lands that are not mor-
gag'd.

Enter

A Woman will haue her will,

Enter Post.

Post. God blesse your worship.

Pisaro. I must craue pardon: Oh sirra, are you come?

Walg. Hoyda, hoyda: What's the matter now?

Sare, yonder fellow will be torne in pieces.

Hara. What's he, sweet youths, that so they flocke about?
What, old *Pisaro* tainted with this madnesse?

Heigh. Vpon my life, 'tis some body brings newes:
The Court breakes vp, and we shall know their Counsell:
Looke, looke, how busily they fall to reading.

Pisa. I am the last: you should haue kept it still.

Well, we shall see what newes you bring with you:

Our dutie premised; and we haue sent vnto your worship
Sacke, Siuill Oyles, Pepper, Barbary Sugar, and such other
commodities as wee thought moit requisite. Wee wanted
money, therefore we are faine to take vp 200.li. of Master
Towersons man, which by a Bill of Exchange sent to him,
we would request your worship pay accordingly.

You shall command sir, you shall command sir.

The newes here is, that the English ships, the *Fortune*,
your ship, the *Aduenture* and *Good Lucke* of London, coast-
ing along by *Italy* towards *Turkie*, were set vpon by two
Spanish-galleys: what became of them, we know not; but
doubt much, by reason of the weathers calmenesse.

Pisa. How ist? six to one, the weather calme?
Now afore God, who would not doubt their safetie?

A plague vpon these *Spanish-galls* Pyrates,
Roaring *Carybdis*, or deuouring *Scilla*,
Were but halfe such terror to the anticke world,
As these same anticke Villaines now of late
Haue made the *Straits* twixt *Spain* and *Barbarie*.

Tower. Now sir, what doth your Factors Letters say?

Pisa. Marry he saith, these witlesse lucklesse doubt
Haue met, and are beset with *Spanish Gallies*,
As they did sayle along by *Italy*.

What a bors made the doubt neere *Italy*?

Could they not keepe the Coast of *Barbary*?

English-men for my money : or

Or hauing past it, gone for *Tripoly*,
Being on the other side of *Sicily*,
As neere, as where they were vnto the *Straits* :
For by the *Gleabe*, both *Tripoly* and it,
Lye from the *Straits* some twentie fiae degrees,
And each degree makes threescore English miles.

Tower. Very true sir: But it makes nothing to my Bill of
Exchange: this dealing fits not one of your account.

Pisa. And what fits yours? a prating wrangling tongue,
A womans ceaselesse and incessant babling,
That sees the world turn'd topsie-turue with me,
Yet hath not so much wit to stay a while,
Till I bemone my late excessiue losse.

Wal. 'Swounds 'tis dinner time, he stay no longer:
Harke you a word sir.

Pisa. I tell you sir, it would haue made you whine,
Worse then if shooles of lucklesse croaking Rauens
Had seiz'd on you, to feed their famisht paunches,
Had you heard newes of such a rauenous rout,
Ready to seize on halfe the wealth you haue.

Wal. 'Sbloud you might haue kept at home and be hang'd,
What a pox care I.

Enter a Post.

Post. God saue your worship, a little mony, and so forth.

Pisa. But men are senselesse now of others woe:
This stonie age is growne so stonie hearted,
That none respects their neighbours miseries.
I wish (as Poets doe) that *Saturnes* times,
The long out-worne world, were in vse againe,
That men might sayle without impediment.

Post. I marry sir, that were a merry world indeede: I
would hope to get more money of your worship in one
quarter of a yeare, then I can doe now in a whole twelue-
moneth.

Enter Balsaro.

Balsa. Master *Pisaro*, how I haue runne about,
How I haue toyl'd to day to finde you out!

At

A Woman will haue her will.

At home, abroad, at this mans house, at that.
Why I was here an houre agoe, and more,
Where I was told you were, but could not finde you:

Pisa. 'Fayth sir I was here, but was driuen home:
Here's such a common haunt of Crack-rope Boyes,
That what for feare to haue m'apparrell spoyld,
Or my Ruffes durted, or Eyes stricke out,
I dare not walke where people doe expect mee.
Well, things (I thinke) might be better lookt vnto:
And such Coyne to, which is bestow'd on Knaues,
Which should, but doe not see things be reform'd,
Might be imploy'd to many better vses.
But what of bearded Boyes, or such like trash?
The *Spanish* Gallies: Oh, a vengeance on them.

Post. Masse, this man hath the lucke on't: I thinke I can
scarce euer come to him for money, but this a vengeance
on, and that a vengeance on't, doth so trouble him, that I
can get no Coyne. Well, a vengeance on't for my part; for
he shall fetch the next Letters himselfe.

Browne. I prethee, when think'st thou the Ships will be
come about from *Plimmouth*?

Post. Next weeke, sir.

Heigh. Came you sir from *Spaine* lately?

Post. I, sir: Why aske you that?

Harn. Marry sir, thou seem'st to haue beene in the hot
countries, thy face lookes so like a piece of rustie Bacon:
had thy Host at *Plimmouth* meat enough in the house, when
thou wert there?

Post. What though he had not, sir? but he had: how then?

Harn. Marry thanke God for it: for otherwise, he would
doubtlesse haue cut thee out in Rashers, to haue eaten thee;
thou look'st as thou wert through broyl'd already.

Post. You haue said, sir; but I am no meat for his mowing,
nor yours neyther: if I had you in place where, you should
find me tough enough in digestion, I warrant you.

Walg. What, will you swagger, sirra? will yee swagger?

Brow. I beseech you, Sir, hold your hand. Gette home

English-men for my money: or

ye Patch, cannot you suffer Gentlemen Iest with you?

Post. Ide teach him a Gentle trick, and I had him of the Burse; but Ile watch him a good turne I warrant him.

Moore. Assure ye Master *Towerfon*, I cannot blame him, I warrant you it is no easie losse;

How thinke you master *Stranger*? by my fayth sir,
There's twenty Merchants will be sorry for it,
That shall be partners with him in his losse.

Str. Why sir, whats the matter?

Moore. The Spanish-gallies haue beset our Shippes,
That lately were bound out for *Syria*.

March. What not? I promise you I am sorry for it:

Walgr. What an old Ass is this to keepe vs here:
Master *Pisaro*, pray dispatch vs hence.

Pisa. Master *Vandalle* I confesse I wrong you;
But He but talke a word or two with him, and it straight turne
to you.

Ah sir, and how then yfaith?

Heigh. Turne to vs, turne to the Gallowes if you wilt,

Harr. Tis Midfomer-Moone with him: let him alone,
He calles *Ned Walgrae*, master *Vandalle*. (*Pisaro.*)

Walgr. Let it be shrouetide, Ile not stay any che master

Pisa. What should you feare: send as I haue vowd before
So now againe; my Daughters shall be yours:

And therefore I beseech you and your Friendes,

Deferre your businesse till Dinner time;

And what you say, keepe it for Table talke.

Harr. Marry and shall; a right good motion:

Sirs, old *Pisaro* is growne kinde of late,

And in pure Love hath bid vs home to Dinner.

Heigh. Good newes in truth: But wherefore art thou

Walgr. For feare the slaue ere it be dinner time (*lad.*)
Remembring what he did, recall his word:

For by his idle speeches, you may sweare,

His heart was not confederate with his tongue.

Harr. Tut neuer doubt, keepe stomachs till anone,
And then we shall haue cares to feede vpon.

Pisa.

A Woman will haue her will.

Pisa. Well sir, since things doe fall so crossely out,
I must dispose my selfe to patience :
But for your businesse, doe you assure your selfe,
At my repaying home from the Exchange,
He set a helping hand vnto the same.

Enter Aluaro the Italian.

Alua. *Bon iurno* signeour *Padre*, why be de malanchoiy
so much, and graue in you, a : wat Newes make you looke
so naught ?

Pisa. Naught is too good an Epithite by much,
For to distinguish such contrariouesnesse :
Hath not swift Fame told you our slow sailde Ships
Haue beene ore-taken by the swift sayld Gallies,
And all my cared-for goods within the lurch
Of that same Catterpillar brood of *Spaine*.

Alua. Signior cy, how de Spaniola haue almost tacke
de Ship dat go for Turkie : my Pader, harke you mee one
word, I haue receiue vn lettre from my Factor de *Vennise*,
dat after vn piculo battalion, for vn halfe howre de come
a Winde fra de North, & de Sea goe tumble here, & tum-
ble dare, dat make de Gallies run away for feare be almost
drownde.

Pisa. How sir, did the Winde rise at North, and Seas
waxe rough : and were the Gallies therefore glad to fly ?

Al. Signieur cy, & de Ship go drite on de *Hcola de Cande*.

Pisa. Wert thou not my *Aluaro* my beloued,
One whom I know does dearely count of me,
Much should I doubt me that some scoffing lacke,
Had sent thee in the midst of all my griefes,
To tell a feigned tale of happy lucke. (lettre.

Alu. VVill you no beleue me ? See dare dan, see de

Pisa. VVhat is this world ? or what this state of man,
How in a moment curst, in a trice blest ?
But euen now my happy state gan fade,
And now againe, my State is happy made,
My goods all safe, my Ships all scapt away,

English men for my money : or

And none to bring me newes of such good lucke,
But whom the Heauens haue mark'd to be my Sonne :
Vere I a Lord as great as *Alexander*,
None should more willingly be made mine Heyre,
Then thee thou golden tongue, thou good-newes teller,
Ioy stops my mouth *The Exchange Bell rings.*

Balsa. M. *Pisaro*, the day is late, the Bell doth ring :
Wilt please you hasten to performe this businesse ?

Pisa. What businesse sir ? Gods me I cry you mercie.
Doe it, yes sir, you shall command me more.

Tower. But sir, What doe you meane, doe you intend
To pay this Bill, or else to palter with me ?

Pisa. Mary God shield, that I should palter with you :
I doe accept it, and come when you please;
You shall haue money, you shall haue your money due.

Post. I beseech your worship to consider me.

Pisa. Oh, you cannot cogge : Goe to, take that,
Pray for my life : pray that I haue good lucke,
And thou shalt see, I will not be thy worst master.

Post. Mary, God blesse your worship; I came in happy
time : What a French crowne ? sure hee knowes not what
he does : Well, Ile be gone, least he remember himselfe, and
take it from me againe. *Exit Post*

Pisa. Come on my lads, M. *Vandalle*, sweet son *Aluaro* :
Come don *Balsaro*, lets be iogging home,
Bir laken sirs, I thinke tis one a Clocke.

Exit Pisaro, Balsaro, Aluaro, Delion, and Vandalle.

Brow. Come M. *Moore*, th'Exchange is waxen thin,
I thinke it best we get vs home to dinner.

Moore. I know that I am lookt for long ere this :
Come M. *Towersson*, lets walke along.

Exit Moore, Browne, Towersson, Strangers, and Merchant.

Heigh. And if you be so hot vpon your dinner,
Your best way is to haste *Pisaro* on,
For he is cold enough, and slow enough;

He

** A Woman will haue her will.*

He hath solate digested such cold newes.

Walg. Mary and shall : Heare you master *Pisaro*.

Harn. Many *Pisaros* here : Why how now *Ned* ;
Where is your *Maist*, your welcome, and good Cheare ?

Walg. Come, lets follow him ; Why stay we here ?

Heigh. Nay, prethee *Ned Walg.* lets bethinke our selues
There's no such haste, we may come time enough :
At first *Pisaro* bad vs come to him

Twixt two or three a Clocke at after noone ?

Then was he old *Pisaro* : but since then,
What with his griefe for losse, and ioy for finding,
He quit forgot himselfe, when he did bid vs,
And afterward forgot, that he had bad vs.

Walg. I care not, I remember it well enough :
He bad vs home, and I will goe, that's flat,
To teach him better wit another time.

Harn. Heer'le be a gallant Iest, when we come there,
To see how maz'd the greedy chuffe will looke
Vpon the Nations, Sects, and Factions,
That now haue borne him company to Dinner :
But harke you, lets not goe to vex the man ;
Prethee sweet *Ned* lets tarry, doe not goe.

Walg. Not goe? indeed you may doe what you please ;
He goe that's flat : nay, I am gone already,
Stay you two, and consider further of it.

Heigh: Nay, all will goe, if one : prethee stay ;
Thou'rt such a rash and giddy-headed youth,
Each Stone's a thorne : Hoyda, he skips for haste,
Young *Harnie* did but iest ; I know heele goe.

Walg. Nay, he may chuse for me : But if he will,
Why does he not ? why stands he prating still ?
If youle goe, come : if not, farewell.

Harn. Hire a Poast-hoarse for him (*gentle Franke*).
Heer's halte, and more haste then a hasty Pudding :
You madd-man, mad-cap, wilde-oates ; we are for you,
It bootes not stay, when you intend to goe.

Walg. Come away then.

Enter

Englist-men for my money . or,

Enter Pisaro, Alvaro, Delion, and Vandalle.

Pisa. A thousand welcomes, friends: Mounfier *Delion*,
Ten thousand Ben. venues vnto your selfe.
Seignior *Alvaro*, Master *Vandalle*,
Prowd am I, that my rooffe containes such Friends.
V Vhy Mall, Larentia, Matth: V Where be these Girles?

Enter the three Sisters.

Liuely my Girles, and bid these Strangers welcome;
They are my friends, your friends, and our wel-willers:
You cannot tell what good you may haue on them.
Gods me, why stirre you not? Harke in your eare,
These be the men, the choyse of many millions,
That I your carefull Father haue provided
To be your Husbands: therefore bid them welcome.

Matth. Nay by my troth, 'tis not the guise of maids
To giue a flauering Salute to men: *(aside.*
If these sweet youths haue not the wit to doe it,
V V e haue the honestie to let them stand.

Vanda. Gods sekerlin, dats vn-fra meskin. Monsieur *De-
lion* dare de Grote freister, dare wode ic zene, tis vn-fra
Daughter, dare heb ic so long loude, dare Heb my desire so
long gewest.

Alua. Ah *Venice, Roma, Italia, Frauncia, Anglittera*, nor
all dis orbe can shew so much belliz^s, veremants de sicunda,
Madona de granda bewtie.

Delion. Certes me dincke de mine deperera de little An-
gloise, de me Matresse *Pisaro* is vn nette, vn becues, vn fra,
et vn tendra Damofella.

Pisa. V What Stockes, what stones, what sencelesse
Truncks be these?

V When as I bid you speake, you hold your tongue;
V When I bid peace, then can you prate, and ehat,
And gossip: But goe too, speake and bid welcome,
Or (as I liue) you were as good you did.

Mari. I cannot tell what Language I should speake:
If I speake *Englist* (as I can none other)

They

A Woman will have her will.

They cannot vnderstand me, nor my welcome.

Alua. *Bella Madonna*, dare is no language so dulce; dulce dat is sweet, as de language, dat you shall speake, and de vel come dat you fall say, sal be vell know perfoytement.

Mari. Pray sir, what is all this in *English*?

Alua. De vsa sal vel teash you vat dat is; and if you sal please, I will teash you to parler *Italiano*.

Pisa. And that me thinkes sir, not without need:
And with *Italian*, to a Childes obedience,
With such desire to seeke to please their Parents,
As others farre more vertuous then themselves;
Doe dayly strue to doe: But tis no matter,
Ile shortly pull your haughty stomacks downe:
Ile teach you vrge your Father; make you runne,
When I bid runne: and speake when I bid speake:
What greater crosse can carefull Parents haue (*knock within*)
Then carelesse Children. Stirre and see who knocks?

Enter Haruy, Walgrano, and Heigham.

Walgr. Good morrow to my good Mistris *Mathea*.

Matb. As good a morrow to the morrow giuer.

Pisa. A murren, what make these? What do they here?

Heigh. You see master *Pisaro*, we are bold guests,
You could haue bid no surer men then we,

Pisa. Harke you Gentlemen; I did expect you
At afternoone, not before two a Clocke.

Haru. Why sir, if you please, you shall haue vs here at
two a clocke, at three a clocke, at foure a clocke; nay, till
to morrow this time: yet I assure you sir, wee came not to
your house without inuiting.

Pisa. Why Gentlemen, I pray who bad you now?
Who euer did it sure hath done you wrong:
For scarcely could you come to worser cheare.

Heigh. It was your owne selfe bade vs to this cheare,
When you were busie with *Balsaro* talking;
You bade vs cease our suits till dinner time,
And then to vse it for our table talke:

D

And

English-men for my money: or

And we I warrant you as sure as Steele.

Pisa. A murren on your selues, and surenesse too :
How am I crost : Gods me what shall I doe,
This was that ill newes of the *Spanish* Pirats,
That so disturb'd me : well, I must dissemble.
Aubid them welcome ; but for my Daughters
Ile send them hence, they shall not stand and prate.
Well my Masters, Gentlemen, and Friends,
Though vnexpected, yet most heartily welcome ;
(Welcome with a vengeance) but for your cheere,
That will be small : yet too too much for you.

Mall. in and get things ready.

Laurentia, bid *Maudlin* lay the cleareh, take vp the meate:
Looke how she stirres ; you sullen Else, you Caller,
Is this the haste you make ? *Exeunt Marina, & Laurentia.*

Alua. Signior *Pisaro*, ne soiat so malcontento de Gentlewoman your filigola dit parlar, but a litella to, de gentle homa our grande amico.

Pisa. But that graunde amico, is your graunde inimico :
One, if they be suffered to parlar,
Will poll you, I and pill you of you wise :
They loue together : and the other two,
Loues her two Sisters : but tis onely you
Shall crop the flower, that they esteeme so much.

Alua. Do dey so ; vel let me lone, sal see me glue dem de such graund mocke, sal be shame of dem selues.

Pisa. Doe sir, I pray you doe ; set lustily vpon them,
And Ile be ready still to second you.

Wal. But *Mat*, art thou so mad as to turne *French* ?

Mat. Yes marry, when two Sundayes come together,
Thinke you I learne to speake this gibberidge,
Or the Pigges language ? Why, if I fall sicke,
They le say, the *French* (et cetera) infected me.

Pisa. Why how now Minion, what is this your seruice)
Your other Sisters busie are implode,
And you stand idle : get you in, or

Exit Mathew

Wal. If you chide her, chide me (master *Pisaro*;))

A Woman will haue her will,

For but for me, she had gone in long since.

Pisa. I thinke she had: for we are sprights to scare her,
But ere't be long, Ile driue that humor from her.

Alua. Signior, me tincks you sould no make de wenche
so hardee, so disobedient, to de padre as ditt madona *Mat.*

Walg. Signior, me thincks you should learne to speake,
before you should be so foole hardy, as to woe such a May-
den as that *Madona Mats.*

Delia. Warrent you Monsieur, he sal parle wen you sal
stand out de doure.

Harn. Harke you Monsieur, you would wish your selfe
halfe hanged, you were as sure to be let in as he.

Vau. Macke no doubt de signior *Alua* sal do wel enough

Heig. Perhaps so: but me thincks your best way were to
ship your selfe for *Stoad*, and ther to barter your selfe for a
commodiaie; for I can tell you, you are here out of hking.

Pisa. The worst perhappes dislike him, but the best e-
steeme him best.

Harn. But by your patience sir, me thincks none should
know better who's is Lord, then the Lady.

Alua. Den de Lady, vat Lady?

Harn. Marry sir, the Lady let her alone: one that
meanes to let you alone for feare of trouble.

Pisa. Every man as he may: yet sometimes the blinde
may catch a Hare.

Heigh. I sir, but he will first eate many a Fly:
You know it must be a wonder, if a Crab catch a Fowle.

Vand. Maer hort ens; if he & ic & monsieur *Delson* be de
Crab, we sal kash de Fowle wel enough I warrent you.

Walg. I, and the Foole well enough I warrant you;
And much good may it doe yee.

Alua. Me dincke such a picalo man as you be, sal haue
no de such grande lucke madere.

Delia. Non da Monsieur, & he be so granda amorous op
de Damofella, hee sal haue *Maudlin* de witt Wenshe in de
Kichine by maiter *Pisaras* leane.

Walg. By M. *Pisaras* leane, Monsieur Ile mumble yon ex-

English-men for my money: or

cept you learne to know, whom you speake to: I tell thee *Francois*, Ile haue (maugre thy teeth) her that shall make thee gnash thy teeth to want.

Pisa. Yet a man may want of his will, and bate an Ace of his wish. But Gentlemen, every man as his lucke serues, and so agree wee: I would not haue you fall out in my house. Come, come, all this was in iest; now let's too't in earnest, I meane with our teeth, and trye who's the best Trencher-man.

Exeunt.

Enter Frisco.

Frisco. Ah sirra, now I know what manner of thing *Powles* is; I did so mangle afore what it was, out of all count: For my master would say, Would I had *Powles* full of Gold; my young Mistresses, and *Grimkin* our Taylor, would wish they had *Powles* full of Needles: I, one ask my master halfe a yard of Freeze to make me a Coat, and hee cryde whoope holly-day, it was bigge enough to make *Powles* a Night-gowne. I haue beene told, that Duke *Humphrey* dwels here, and that he keepes open house, and that a braue sort of Cammileres dine with him eury day; now if I could see any vision in the world towards dinner, I would set in a foot. But the best is, as the ancient English *Romane Orator* saith, *So-lame-men, Misers, House-wives*, and so forth: the best is, that I haue great store of companie that doe nothing but goe vp and downe, and goe vp and downe, and make a grumbling together, that the meate is so long making readie. Well, if I could meete this scurvie *French-man*, they should stay me, for I would be gone home.

Enter Anthonio.

Antho. I beseech you, Monsieur, giue me audience.

Frisco. What would you haue? What should I giue you?

Antho. Pardon, sir, mine vnciuill and presumptuous intrusion, who endeavour nothing lesse, then to prouoke or exasperate you against mee.

Frisco. They

A Woman will haue her will.

Frisco. They say, a word to the Wise is enough : so by this little *French* that he speakes, I see he is the very man I seeke for : Sir, I pray, what is you name ?

Antho. I am nominated *Monsieur Le Monche*, and rest at your *bon seruice*.

Frisco. I Vnderstand him partly ; yea, and partly nay : Can you speake *French* ? *Content pore vous monsieur madame*

Antho. If I could not sir, I should ill vnderstand you : you speake the best *French* that euer trode vpon Shoe of Leather.

Frisco. Nay, I can speake more Languages then that : This is *Italian*, is it not ? *Nelle sturde Curteana.*

Antho. Yes sir, and you speake it like a very Naturall.

Frisco. I belieue you well : now for *Dutch* :

Ducky de de water heb yee gec brought.

Antho. I pray stop your mouth, for I neuer heard such *Dutch* before brocht.

Frisco. Nay I thinke you haue not met with no Pezant : Heare you *M. Monche*, (so your name is I take it) I haue considered of your learning in these aforesaid Languages, and find you reasonable : So, so, now this is the matter ; Can you take the ease to teach these Tongues to two or three Gentlewomen of mine acquaintance, and I will see you paid for your labour.

Antho. Yes sir, and that most willingly.

Frisco. Why then *M. Monche*, to their vse, I entertaine ye, which had not been but for the troubles of the world, that I my selfe haue no leasure to shew my skill : Well sir, if youle please to walke with me, Ie bring you to them.

Exeunt.

Enter Laurentia, Marina, and Mathia.

Lauren. Sit till Dinners done ; nor I, I sweare :

Shall I stay ? till he belch into mine eares

Those Rusticke Phrases, and those Dutch French termes,
Stammering halfe Sentences do gobble Elegence

And when he hath no loue, for sooth, why then

Hee tells me Cloth is deare at *Antwerpe*, and the men

English-men for my money . or,

Of *Amsterdam* haue lately made a Law,
That none but *Dutch*, as hee, may traffique there.
Then stands he still, and studies what to say;
And after some halfe houre, because the Ass
Hopes (as he thinks) I shall not contradict him,
He tells me, that my Father brought him to me,
And that I must performe my Fathers will.
Well good-man Goose-cap, when thou woest againe,
Thou shalt haue simple ease, for thy Loues paine.

Math. Alas poore Wench, I sorrow for thy hap,
To see how thou art clog'd with such a Duncce:
Forsooth my Sire hath fixt me farre better;
My *Frenchman* comes vpon me with the *Sa, sa, sa,*
Sweet *Madame pardone moye I pro:*
And then out goes his Hand, downe goes his Head,
Swallowes his Spittle, frizzles his Beard, and then to mee:
Pardone moy Mistresse Mathea,
If I be bold, to makee so hold mee you,
Thinke it go will dat spurres me dus up yow:
Dan cast neit off sa good ande erue Louer,
Madama celestura de la, (I know not what)
Doe oft pray to, God dat we woud loue her
And then he reckons a Catalogue of Names,
Of such as loue him, and yet cannot get him.

Mari. Nay, but your *Monsieur's* but a Mouse in Cheese,
Compar'd with my *Signior*: Hee can tell
Of Lady *Venus*, and her Sonne blind *Cupid*;
Of the faire *Scilla*, that was lou'd of *Glancus*,
And yet scorn'd *Glancus*, and yet low'd King *Minos*;
Yet *Minos* hated her, and yet she holp'd him;
And yet he scorn'd her, yet she kill'd her Father,
To doe him good; yet he could not abide her.
Nay, heele be bawdie too in his discourse;
And when he is so, he will take my Hand,
And tickle the Palme, winke with his one Eye,
Gape with his Mouth, and

Lant. And, hold thy tongue, I pierce thee: here's my father.

Enter

A Woman will haue her will.

*Enter Pifaro, Aluaro, Vandalle, Delion, Harnie,
Walgrau, and Heigham.*

Pifa. Vnmannerly, vntaught, vnnurur'd Girles,
Doe I bring Gentlemen, my very friends,
To feast with me, to reuell at my House,
That their good likings may be set on you;
And you, like misbehau'd and sullen Girles,
Turne tayle to such, as may aduance your sisters:
I shall remember't, when you thinke I doe not.
I am sorry, Gentlemen, your cheare's no better;
But what did want at Board, excuse me for,
And you shall haue amends be made in Bed.
To them friends, to them; they are none but yours:
For you I bred them, for you I brought them vp,
For you I kept them, and you shall haue them:
I hate all others that resort to them.
Then rowse your bloods, be bold with what's your owne,
For I and mine (my friends) be yours, or none.

Enter Frisco and Anthony.

Frisco. God-gee-god-morrow sir, I haue brought you
M. Mounse here, to teach my young Mistresses: I assure you
(forsooth) he is a braue *Frenchman*.

Pifa. Welcome friend, welcome: my man (I thinke)
Hath at the full resolu'd thee of my will.
Mounsieur Delion, I pray question him;
I tell you sir, 'tis onely for your sake,
That I doe meage to entertaine this fellow.

Antho. A boxs of all ill lucke, how came these heere?
Now am I pos'd, except the Wenches helpe mee:
I haue no *French* to flap them in the mouth.

Harn. To see the lucke of a good fellow; poore *Anthony*
Could nere haue sorted out a worser time:
Now will the packe of all our slye deuices
Be quite layde ope, as one vndoes an Oyster.
Franke, Heigham, and mad Ned, fall to your Muses,

To

English men for my money : or

To helpe poore *Anthony* now at a pinch,
Or all our market will be spoyle and marde.

Wal. Tut man, let vs alone, I warrant you.

Delio. Monsieur, Vous estes tresbien venu, de quel pais
estes vous.

Anth. Vous, thats you : sure he sayes, how doe men call
you Monsieur le monche ?

Mari. Sister, helpe sister ; thats honest *Anthony*.
And he answers your woer, *cuius contrarium*.

Delio. Monsieur, Vous n'entens pas, le ne demande point,
vostre nom.

Math. Monsieur *Delio*, he that made your shooes, made
them not in fashon : they should haue beene cut square at
the toe.

Delio. Madame, my Sho met de square toe, vat be dat ?

Pisa. Why sauce-box ; how now you vncreuerent mincks
Why ? in whose Stable hast thou beene brought vp,
To interrupt a man in middst of speach ?
Monsieur *Delio*, disquiet not your selfe,
But as you haue begun, I Pray proceed
To question with this Countreman of yours.

Delio. Dat me sal doe tresheien, but de Bella Madona
de iunc Gentlewoman do monstre some singe of amour to
speake lot mee, epurce monsieur, mee sal say but two tree
fowre fipe word to dis Francois : or sus monsieur Le mon-
che en quelle partie de France esties vous ne ?

Haru. France.

Heigh. Ned.

Wal. What, let me come.

Malter Pisa, we haue occasion of affaires,
Which calles vs hence with speed ; wherefore I pray
Deferre this businesse till some fitter time,
And to performe what at the Exchange we spoke of.

Antho. A blessing on that tongue, saith *Anthony*.

Pisa. Yes marry Gentlemen, I will, I will.

Aluaro to your taske, fall to your taske,
Ile beare away those three, who being here,

Would

A Woman will haue her will,

Would set my Daughters on a merry pin :
Then chearely try your luckes ; but speake, and speed,
For you alone (say I) shall doe the deed.

Exeunt Pisaro, Harry, Walgrau, and Higham.

Frisco. Heare you, M. *Moufe*, did you dine to day at
Paules, with the rest of the Gentlemen there ?

Antho. No sir, I am yet vndined.

Frisco. Mee thinkes you should haue a reasonable good
stomacke then by this time : as for me, I can sell nothing
within me, from my Mouth to my Cod-peece, but all Emp-
tie: wherefore I thinke it a peece of wisdome, to goe in and
see what *Mandelin* hath provided for our Dinner. Master
Moufe, will you goe in ?

Antho. With as good a stomacke, and desire, as your
selfe.

Frisco. Let's passe in then.

*Exeunt Frisco, and
Anthonie.*

Vanda. Han seg you Dochter, ver vat cause, voer why
bede also much grooterlie strange, Ic seg you wat, if datt
ghy speake to me, is datt ghy loue me.

Lauren. Ist that I care not for you, ist that your breath
stinckes ; if that your breath stinckes not, you must lea, ne
sweeter English, or I shall neuer vnderstand your suite.

Delio. Pardone moy, Madame.

Math. With all my heart, so you offend no more.

Delio. Is dat an offence, to be amorous di one belle Gen-
tleawoman ?

Math. I sir see your Belle Gentle-woman cannot be
amorous of you.

Mar. Then if I were as that Belle Gentlewomans louer,
I would trouble her no further, nor be amorous any longer.

Alua. Madona yet de Belleza of de Face, beutie deforme
of all de Corpo may be such, datt no perriculo, nor all de
mal shaunce, can make him leaue hir dulce visage.

Laar. But Signior *Aluaro*, if the perriculo or mal shaunce
were such, that shee should loue and liue with another,

English-men for my money : or

then the dulce visage must bee luste in spite of the louers
teeth, whilest he may whine at his owne ill fortune.

Vand. Datts waer matresse, for it is vntrue saying, dey
wint de taught dey verleist lie scrat sin gatt.

Math. And I thinke to y'are like to scratch there, but
neuer to claw any of my sisters loue away.

Vand. Dan sal your sistree doe gainst her Vaders will,
for your vader segt dat ick sal heb har vor mine wife.

Laur. I thinke not so sir, for I neuer heard him say so,
but he goe in and aske him if his meaning be so.

Mari. Herke sister, signior *Aluaro* sayth, that I am the
sayrest of all vs three.

Laur. Beleue him not for heele tell any lye.
If so he thinks thou may st be pleas'd : hereby,
Come goe with me and nere stand prating here,
I haue a iest to tell thee in thine eare,
Shall make you laugh : come let your signior stand,
I know there's not a Wench in all this Towne,
Scoffes at him more, or loues him lesse then thou.
Master *Vandalle*, as much I say to you ;
If nedes you marry with an *English* Lasse,
Woe her in *English*, or sheele call you Ass.

Math. Tut that's a *French* cogge ; sure I thinke,
There's nere a Wench in *France* not halfe so fond,
To woe and sue so for your Mounser ship.

Delio. Par ma foy Madame, shee does tinke dare is no
Wenche so dure as you : for de Fille was cree dulce, ten-
dre, and amorous for me to loue hir : now me tincke dat I
being such a fine man, you shold loua me,

Math. So thinke not I, sir.

Delio. But so tincke esh oder Damofellas.

Math. Nay, He lay my loue to your commande,
That my sisters thinke not so : How say you sister *Mall* ?
Why, how now Gentlemen, is this your talke ;
What beaten in plaine field : where be your maydes ?
Nay, then I see there louing humor fades,
And they resigne their intrest vp to mee ;

And

A Woman will haue her will.

And yet I cannot serue for all you three :
But least two should be madd, that I loue one;
You shall be all alike, and Ile loue none:
The world is scant, when so many Iacke Dawes,
Houer about one Coarse with greedy pawes :
If needes youle haue me stay till I am dead,
Carriou for Crowes, *Mathea* for her *Ned* :
And so farewell, we Sisters doe agree,
To haue our willes, but nere to haue you three. *Exeunt*
Delio. Madama astende. *Madama* : is she alle ? doe shee
mouque de uous in such sort ?
Vanda. Oh de pestilence, hoe if darick can neit de se En-
glese spreake vel, ick sal her Fader seg how is to passe ge-
comen.

Enter Pifaro.

Alua. Ne parlate, see heere signiors de Fader.

Pifa. Now Friends, now Gentlemen, how speeds your
worke, haue you not found them shrewd vnhappy Girles ?

Vanda. Mester *Pifaro*, de Dochter maistris *Laurentia*,
calle de Dyel, den Assé, for dat ick can neit English sprea-
ken.

Alua. Ande dat we sall no parler, dat we sal no hauar
den for de wiue

Pifa. Are they so lusty ? Dare they be so proude ?
Well, I shall finde a time to meet with them :
In the meane season, pray frequent my house.

Enter Frisco running.

Ho, now sirra, whither are you running ?

Frisco. About a little tiny businesse.

Pifa. What businesse, Assé ?

Frisco. Indeed I was not sent to you : and yet I was sent
after the three Gen-men that din'de here, to bid them come
to our house at ten a clocke at night, when you were abed.

Pifa. Ha, what is this ? Can this be true ?
What, art thou sure the Wenches bede them come ?

Frisco. So they said, vnlesse their mindes bee changed

English-men for my money: or

since : for a Woman is like a Weather-cocke they say, and I am sure of no more then I am certaine of : but Ile goe in and bid them send you word, whether they shall come or no.

Pisa. No sirra, stay you here ; but one word more : Did they appoint them come one by one, or else altogether ?

Frisc. Altogether : Lord that such a yoong man as you should haue no more wit : why if they should come together, one could not make roome for them ; but comming one by one, theyle stand there if there were twenty of them.

Pisa. How this newes glads me, and reuiues my soule : How say your sirs ; what will you haue a iest worth the telling ; nay, worth the acting : I haue it Gentlemen, I haue it Friends.

Alua. Signior *Pisaro*, I prey de gratia wat maniere sal we haue ? wat will the parler ? wat bon doe you know Signior *Pisaro*, dicheti noi signior *Pisaro*.

Pisa. Oh that youth so sweet, so soone should turne to age ; were I as you, why this were sport alone for mee to doe.

Harke yee, harke yee ; here my man
Saith, that the Girles haue sent for master *Heigham*,
And his two friends ; I know they loue them deare,
And therefore with them late at night be here,
To reuell with them : Will you haue a iest,
To worke my will, and giue your longings rest :
Why then, master *Vandalle*, and you two,
Shall soone at midnight come, as they should doe,
And court the Wenches ; and to be vnknowne,
And taken for the men, whom they alone
So much affect ; each one shall change his name :
Master *Vandalle*, you shall take *Heigham*, and you
Young *Harue*, and Monsieur *Delon*, *Ned*,
And vnder shadowes, be of substance sped :
How like you this deuice ? how thinke you of it ?

Delio. Oh de braye de galliarde deuise : me sal come by de nite.

A Woman will haue her will.

nite & countier faire de Anglois Gentlehomes di&e nous
ainsi monsieur *Pisaro*.

Pisa. You are in the right sir.

Alua. And I shall name me de signior *Haruy*, ende mon-
sieur *Delion* sal be de piculo signior *Ned*, ende when mado-
na *Laurentia* sal say, who be dare? *M. Vandalle* sal say, Oh
my soute Laide, hier be your loue Mestro *Heigham*: Is no
dis de brauissime, master *Vandalle*.

Vanda. Slaet vp den tromele, van ick sal come
Vp to de camerken, wan my new Wineken
Slaet vp den tromele, van ick sal come.

Pisa. Ha, ha, ha, master *Vandalle*,
I trow you will be meery soone at night,
When you shall do indeed, what now you hope of.

Vanda. I sal vseg vader, Ick sal tesh your Daughter such
a ting, make her laugh too.

Pisa. Well my Sonnes all, (fer-so I count you shall)
What we haue heere deuise, provide me for:
But aboue all, doe not (I pray) forget
To come but one by one, as they did wish.

Vanda. Mar hort ens vader, ick veite neite de weye to
your honis, hort ens sal master *Frisco* your manneken come
to call de me, and bring me to v house.

Pisa. Yes marry shall be: see that you be ready,
And at the hower of a eleuen soone at night:
Hie you to *Bucklersburie* to his Chamber,
And so direct him straight vnto my House:
My Sonne *Aluaro*, and Monsieur *Delion*,
I know doth know the way exceeding well:
Well, weel to the Rose in *Barken* for an howre:
And sira *Frisco*, see you proue no blab.

Exeunt Pisaro, Aluaro, Delion, & Vandalle.

Frisco. Oh monstrous, who would thinke my Master had
so much wit in his old rotten budget: and yet yfaith hee
is not much troubled with it neither. Why what wise man
in a Kingdome would send mee for the *Dutchman*? Does

English men for my money : or

hee thinke Ile not couſen him ? Oh fine, Ile haue the braueſt ſport : Oh braue, Ile haue the gallanteſt ſport : Oh come ; now if I can hold behinde, while I may laugh a while, I care not : Ha, ha, ha.

Enter Anthonie.

Antho. Why how now *Friſco*, why laughteſt thou ſo heartily ?

Friſc. Laugh, *M. Mouſe*; Laugh : Ha, ha, ha.

Antho. Laugh : why ſhould I laugh ? or why art thou ſo merry ?

Friſc. Oh Maſter *Mouſe*, Maſter *Mouſe*, it would make any Mouſe, Rat, Cat, or Dogge, laugh to thinke, what ſport we ſhall haue at our houſe ſoone at night. Ile tell you : all my young Miſtreſſes ſent me after *M. Heigham*, and his friendes, to pray them come to our houſe after my olde Maſter was a bed. Now I went, and I went ; and I runne, and I went ; and whom ſhould I meeete, but my Maſter, and *M. Piſaro*, and the Strangers : ſo my Maſter very worſhipfully (I muſt needes ſay) examined mee whither I went ? now I durſt not tell him an vntruth, for feare of lying ; but told him plainely and honeſtly mine arrand. Now who would thinke my Maſter had ſuch a monſtrous plagiue wit ? hee was as glad as could bee ; out of all ſcotch and notch glad, out of all count glad : And ſo ſirra hee bid the three Vplandiſh-men come in their ſteads, and woe my young Miſtreſſes. Now it made mee ſo laugh, to thinke how they will be couſen'd, that I could not follow my Maſter : But Ile follow him, I know hee is gone to the Tauerne in his merry humour. Now if you will keepe this as ſecret as I haue done hitherto, wee ſhall haue the braueſt ſport ſoone, as can be. I muſt be gone : ſay nothing.

Exit.

Antho. Well, it is ſo,
And we will haue good ſport, or it ſhall goe hard :
This muſt the Wenches know, or all is mar'd.

Enter

A Woman will haue her will.

Enter the three Sisters.

Harkey you Mis *Moll*, Mis. *Laurentia*, Mis. *Matt*:

I haue such newes (my *Girls*) will make you smile.

Mari. What be they Maister, how I long to heare it ?

Antho. A Woman right, still longing and with child,
For euery thing they heare, or light vpon :
Well, if you be mad Wenches, heare it now,
Now may your knaueries giue the deadliest blow
To night-walkers, cause-droppers, or outlandish loue,
That ere was stricken.

Mathe. Anthony Mowche,

Moue but the matter : tell vs but the iest,
And if you find vs slacke to execute,
Neuer giue credence, or beleue vs more. (loues,

Antho. Then know: The Strangers your Outlandish
Appoynted by your Father, comes this night
In stead of *Harvie*, *Heigham*, and young *Ned*,
Vnder their shaddowes to get to your bed :
For *Frisco* simply told him why he went:
I need not to instruct, you can conceiue,
You are not Stockes nor Stones, but haue some store
Of witte and knauerie too.

Mathe. Anthony, thanks

Is too too small a guerdon for this newes ;
You must be English: Well sir signior sowse,
Ile teach you trickes for comming to our house.

Laur. Are you so chastie, oh that night were come,
That I might heare my *Dutchman* how hee'd sweare
In his owne mother Language, that he loues me :
Well, if I quit him not, I here pray God,
I may lead Apes in Hell, and die a Mayde :
And that were worser to me then a hanging.

Antho. Well said old honest huddles : here's a heape
Of merrie Lasses : Well, for my selfe,
Ile hie me to your Louers, bid them mask
With vs at night, and in some corner stay

Neere :

English-men for my money . or,

Neere to our house, where they may make some play
Vpon your Riuals ; and when they are gone,
Come to your windowes.

Mari. Doe so, good Master.

Antho. Peace, be gone ; for this our sport,
Some body soone will mourne. *Exeunt,*

Enter Pisaro.

Pisa. How fauourable Heauen and Earth is secne,
To grace the mirthfull complot that is layd,
Nights Candles burne obscure, and the pale Moone
Fauouring our drift, lyes buried in a Cloud.
I can but smile to see the simple Girles,
Hoping to haue their sweet-hearts here to night,
Tickled with extreame ioy, laugh in my face :
But when they finde the Strangers in their steads,
Theyse change their note, and sing another song.
Where be these Girles here ? what, to bed, to bed :
Maudlin make fast the Doores, rake vp the Fire.

Enter the three Sisters.

Gods me, 'tis nine aclock ; harke, *Bow-bell* rings : *Knocks.*
Some looke downe below, and see who knocks.
And harke you Girles, settle your hearts at rest,
And full resolute you, that to morrow morne
You must be wed to such as I preferre ;
I meane *Aluaro*, and his other friends :
Let me no more be troubled with your Nays ;
You shall doe what Ile haue, and so resolute.

Enter Moore.

Welcome M. *Moore*, welcome :
What winde a gods name driues you foorth so late ?

Moore. 'Tayth sir, I am come to trouble you,

My wife this present night is brought to bed.

Pisa. To bed ; and what hath God sent you ?

Moore. A iolly Girle, sir.

Pisa. And

A Woman will haue her will.

Pisa. And God bleſſe her : But what's your will ſir ?

Moore. Fayth ſir, my houſe being full of Friends,
Such as (I thanke them) came to ſee my wife,
I would requeſt you, that for this one night,
My daughter Suſan might be lodged here.

Pisa. Lodge in my houſe, welcome withall my heart.

Matt harke you, ſhe ſhall lye with you,
Truſt me ſhe could not come in ſitter time.
For heere you ſir, to morrow in the morning,
All my three Daughters muſt be married,
Good maſter *Moore* lets haue your company.
What ſay you ſir ; Welcome honeſt friend.

Enter a Seruant.

Moore. How now ſirra, what's the newes with you ?

Pisa. *Moore* heare you, ſtirre betimes to morrow,
For then I meane your Schollers ſhall be wed :
What newes, what newes man, that you looke ſo ſad,

Moore. Hee brings me word my wife is new ſalne ſicke,
And that my daughter, cannot come to night :
Or if ſhe does, it will be very late.

Pisa. Belecue me I am then more ſorry for it.
But for your daughter come ſhe ſoone or late,
Some of vs will be vp to let her in,
For heere be three meanes not to ſleepe to night :
Well you muſt be gone ? commend me to your wife,
Take heede how you goe downe, the ſtaires are bad,
Bring here a light.

Moore. Tis well I thanke you ſir.

Exit.

Pisa. Good night maſter *Moore*, farwell honeſt friend,
Come, come to bed, to bed, tis nine and paſt,
Doe not ſtand prating here to make me fetch you,
But gette you to your Chambers.

Exit Piſaro.

Anthe. Birlady heres ſhort worke, harke you Girles,
Will you to morrow marry with the ſtrangers?

Mall. Y fayth ſir no, Ile firſt leape out at window,
Before *Marina* marry with a ſtranger.

F

Anthe.

English-men for my money: or

Antho. Yes but your father sweares, you shall haue one.

Ma. Yes but his daughters sweares, they shall haue none
These horefon Canniballs, these *Philistines*,
These rango mongoes shall not rule O're me,
Ile haue my will and *Ned*, or Ile haue none.

Antho. How will you get him? how will you get him?
I know no other way except it be this,
That when y our fathers in his soundest sleepe,
You ope the Dore and ruine away with them,

All Sisters. So we will rather then misse of them.

Antho. Tis well resolued y fayth and like your selues,
But heare you? to your Chambers presently,
Least that your father doe discry our drift, *Exeunt Sisters*
Mistris Susan should come but she cannot,
Nor perhaps shall not, yet perhaps she shall,
Might not a man conceipt a prettie iest?
And make as mad a Riddle as this is,
If all things fadge not, as all things should doe,
We shall be sped, fayth, *Mass* shall haue her due.

Enter V andalle and Frisco.

Vand. Wear be you mester *Frisco*.

Frisco. Here sir, here sir, now if I could coulsen him, take
heede sir hers a post.

Vand. Ick be so groterly hot, datt ick sweette, Oh wen
sal we come dare.

Frisco. Be you so hotte sir, let me carry your Cloake, I
assure you it will ease you much.

Vand. Dare here, dare, tis so Darke ey can neit see.

Frisco. I, so, so: now you may trauell in your Hose and
Doublet: now looke I as like the *Dutchman*, as if I were
spit out of his mouth: Ile straight home, and speake groote
and broode, and toot and gibbrish; and in the darke Ile
haue a sling at the Wenches. Well, I say no more; farewell
M. Mendall, I must goe seeke my fortune. *Exit Frisco.*

Vanda. Mester *Frisco*, mester *Frisco*, wat sal you no speak;
make you de Foole? Why mester *Frisco*; Oh de skellum,
he

A Woman will haue her will,

he be ga met de Cloake, me sal seg his mester, han mester
Frisco, waer si ly mester *Frisco*. *Exit Vandal.*

Enter Haruie, Heigham, and Walgrane.

Haru. Goes the case so well signor bottle-nose?
It may be we shall ouerreach your drift;
This is the time the Wenches sent vs word
Our bumbast *Dutchman* and his mates will come.
Well neat *Italian*, you must don my shape:
Play your part well, or I may haps pay you.
VWhat, speechlesse *Ned*? sayth whereon musest thou?
Tison your *French* coriuall, for my life:
Hee comes *ete vostre*, and so foorth,
Till he hath foysted in a Brat or two?
How then, how then?

Walg. Nay Ile geld him first,
Ere that infectious loszell reuell there.
VWell *Matt*, I thinke thou knowst what *Ned* can doe;
Shouldest thou change *Ned* for Noddy, mee for him,
Thou dost not know thy losse, y sayth thou didst not.

Heigh. Come leaue this idle chatte, and lets provide
VWhich of vs shall be scar-crow to these Fooles,
And set them out the way?

Walg. VWhy, that will I.

Haru. Then put a Sword into a mad-mans hand:
Thou art so hasty, that but crosse thy humor,
And thou'lt be ready crosse themore the pates:
Therefore for this time, Ile supply the rome.

Heigh. And so we shall be sure of chatt enough;
Youle hold them with your floutes and gulles so long,
That all the night will scarcely be enough
To put in practise, what we haue deuise:
Come, come, Ile be the man shall doe the deed.

Haru. VWell, I am content to saue your longing.
But soft, where are we? Ha, heere's the house,
Come let vs take our stands: *France* stand you there,
And *Ned* and I will crosse rother side.

English-men for my money : or
Heigh. Doe so : But hush, I heare one passing hither.

Enter Alvaro.

Alvar. Oh de fauorable aspect of de heauen, tis so obscure, so darke, so blacke, dat no mortalle creature can know de me : I pray a Dio I sal haue dereight Wench: Ah si I be recht, here be de huis of signor *Pisaro*, I sall haue de madona *Marina*, and daruor I sall knocke to de dore.

He knocks.

Heigh. What a pox are you mad or drunke ;
What, doe you meane to breake my Glasse ?

Alua. Wat be dat Glasse ? Wat drunke, wat mad ?

Heigh. What Glasse sir ; why my Glasse : and if you be so crancke, Ile call the Constable ; you will not enter into a mans house (I hope) in spite of him ?

Haru. Nor durst you be so bold as to stand there,
Yf once the Master of the House did know it.

Alua. Is dit your Hous ? be you de Signor of dis Cassa ?

Heigh. Signor me no signors, nor cassa me no cassas : but get you hence, or you are like to taste of the Bastinado.

Heigh. Do, do, good *Ferdinand*, pummell the loggerhead.

Alua. Is this neit the Hous of mester *Pisaro* ?

Heigh. Yes marry, when ? can you tell : how doe you ?
I thanke you heartily, my finger in your mouth.

Alua. Wat be dat ?

Heigh. Marry that you are an Ass and a Loggerhead,
To seeke master *Pisaros* house heere.

Alua. I prey de gratia, wat be displashe ?
Wat doe ye call dit strete ?

Heigh. What sir ; why *Leden-hall*, could you not see the foure Spoutes as you came along ?

Alua. Certenemento *Leden-hall*, I hit my hed by de way,
dare may be do voer Spouts : I prey de gratia, with be de wey to *Crochefriers* ?

Heigh. How, to *Croched-friers* ? Marry you must goe a long till you come to the Pumpe, and then turne on your right hand.

Alua.

A Woman will haue her will.

Alua, Signor, adio.

Exit Alua.

Harn, Farewell and be hang'd Signor :
Now for your fellow, if the Assé would come.

Enter Delio.

Delio, By my trot me doe so mush tincke of dit Gentlewoman de fine Wenshe, dat me tincke esh houer ten day, and esh day ten yeare, till I come to her. Here be de huise of sin vader, fall alle and knocke.

He knockes.

Heigh, What a bots ayle you, are you madd?
Will you runne ouer me and breake my Glasses?

Delio, Glasses, wat Glasses? Prey is monsieur *Pisaro* to de mayson?

Harn, Harke *Ned*, there's thy substance.

Walg, Nay by the Masse, the substance's heere,
The shaddow's but an Assé.

Heigh, What Master *Pisaro*?

Loggerhead, heer's none of your *Pisaros*?

Delio, Yes but dit is the housis of mester *Pisaro*.

Walg, Will not this monsieur *Mosley* take his answer?
Ile goe and knocke the assé about the pate.

Har, Nay by your leaue sir, but Ile hold your worship.
This sturre we should haue had, had you stood there.

Walg, Why, would it not vexé one to heare the assé,
Stand prating here of dit and dan, and den and dog?

Harn, One of thy mettle *Ned*, would surely doe it :
But peace, and harke to the rest.

Delio, Doe no de fine Gentlewoman matresse *Mathea*
dwell in dit Plashe?

Heigh, No sir, here dwels none of your fine Gentlewoman : Twere a good deed sirra, to see who you are ;
You come hither to steale my Glasses.
And then counterfeite you are going to your Queanes.

Delio, I be deceu dis darke neight ; here be no Wenshe,
I be no inder right plashe : I prey Monsieur, wat be name dis Streete, and wilhe be de way to *Croshe-friers*?

Heigh, Marry this is *Fanchurch-streete*,

English-men for my money : or,

And the best way to *Crotched-Friers*, is to follow your nose
Delio. *Vanisher-street*, how shaunce me come to *Vanisher-*
street ? vel Monsieur, me must alle to *Croche-friers*:

Exit Delio.

Walg. Farewell fortipence, goe seeke you Signior,
I hope youle finds your selues two Dolts anone :
Hush Ferdinand, I heare the last come stamping hither.

Enter Frisco,

Frisco. Ha sirra, I haue left my fatte *Dutchman*, and run
my selfe almost out of breath too: now to my young Mi-
stresses goe I, somebody cast an old shoe after me: but soft:
how shall I doe to counterfeite the *Dutchman*, because I
speake *English* so like a naturall; Tush, take you no thought
for that, let me alone for *Squintum squantum* : soft, here's
my masters house,

Heigh. Whose there.

Frisco. Whose there, why sir here is: Nay, thats too
good *English*; Why here be de growrte *Dutchman*.

Heigh. Then theres not onely a growrte head, but an
Assc also.

Frisco. What be yoo, yoo bee an *English* Oxe to call a
gentile moan Assc.

Haru. Harke Ned yonders good greeting.

Frisco. But yoo, and yoo bee matter *Moufe* that dwell
here, tell your Matresse *Laurentia* datt her sweet heart ma-
ster *Vandall* would speake with horde.

Heigh Master *Mendall*, get you gone, lest you gett
a broken Pate and so marre all: heres no entrance for mi-
stresse *Laurentios* sweete heart.

Frisco. Gods sacaren watt is de lucke now.
Shall not I come to my friend master *Pisar* Hooft ?

Heigh. Yes, and to master *Pisars* Shooes too, if he or
they were here.

Frisco. Why my groute friend, M. *Pisaro* doth dwell here.

Heigh. Sirra, you lye, here dwells no body but I, that
haue dwelt here this one and fortie yeares, and sold Glasses.

Walg.

'A Woman will haue her will.'

Wal. Lye farder, one and fiftie at the least.

Frisco. Hoo, hoo, hoo; doe you giue the gentleman the lye?

Harn. I fir, and will giue you a licke of my Cudgell, if ye stay long and trouble the whole streete with your bawling: hence dolt, and goe seeke M. *Pisaros* House.

Frisco. Goe seeke master *Pisaros* House;
Where shall I goe seeke it?

Heig. Why, you shall goe seeke it where it is,

Frisco. That is here in *Crotched Fryers*?

Heig. How Leger-head, is *Crotched Fryers* here?
I thought you were some such drunken Ass,
That come to seeke *Crotched-fryers* in *Tower-street*:
But get you along on your left hand, and be hang'd;
You haue kept me out of my Bedd with your bangling,
A good while longer then I would haue beene.

Frisco. Ah, ah. How is this? Is not this *Crotched-fryers*?
Tell me, Ile hold a crowne they gaue me so much wine at
the *Tauerne*, that I am drunke, and know not ont.

Harn. My *Dutch-man's* ont his *Compass* & his *Card*;
Hee's reckning what winde hath droue him hither:
Ile sweare he thinkes neuer to see *Pisaros*.

Frisco. Nay, tis so, I am sure drunke: Soft let me see,
what was I about? Oh now I haue it, I must goe to my
Masters house and counterfeit the *Dutchman*, and get my
young *Mistresse*: well and I must turne on my left hand,
for I haue forgot the way quite and cleane:
Fare de well good friend, I am a simple *Duchman* I.

Exit Frisco.

Heigh. Faire weather after you, and now my Laddes,
Haue I not playde my part as I should doe?

Harn. Twas well, twas well: But now lets cast about,
To set these *Woodcocks* farther from the House,
And afterwards retorne vnto our *Girls*.

Wal. Content, content; come, come make haste.

Exeunt.

Enter

English men for my money : or

Enter Aluaro.

Alua. I goe and turne, and dan I come to dis plashe, I can no tell waer, and sal doe I can no tell watt, turne by the Pumpe; I pumpe it faire.

Enter Delio.

Delio. Me alle, ende alle & can no come to *Croche-Fryers.*

Enter Frisco.

Frisco. Oh miserable Blacke-pudding, if I can tell which is the way to my masters house, I am a Red-herring, and no honest Gentleman.

Alua. Who parlato daer?

Delio. Who beder? Who alle der?

Frisco. How's this? For my life here are the Strangers: Oh that I had the *Dutchmans* Hofe, that I might creepe into the Pockets; they'le all three fall vpon me and beate me.

Alua. Who goe der ander?

Delio. Amis.

Frisco. Oh braue; tis nobody but Master *Phareo* and the *Frenchman* going to our House, on my life: well, Ile haue some sport with them, if the VWatch hinder me not.

VWho goes there?

Delio. VWho parle der, in watt plashe, in watt street be you?

Frisco. VWhy sir, I can tell where I am; I am in *Tower street*: VWhere a Diuell be you?

Delio. Iobe here in *Leden-hall.*

Frisco. In *Leden-hall*? I trow I shall meete with you anon: iu *Leden-hall*? VWhat a simple Ass is this *Frenchman*. Some more of this: VWhere are you sir?

Alua. Moy I be here in *Faushe-street.*

Frisco. This is excellent yfaith, as fit as a Fiddle: I in *Towerstreet*, you in *Leden-hall*, and the third in *Fanchurch-street*; and yet all three heare one another, and all three
speake

A Woman will haue her will.

speake together : either we must be all three in *Leaden-hal*, or all three in *Tower-streete*, or all three in *Fanchurch-streete* ; or all three *Fooles*.

Alua. Monsieur Gentle-home, can you well resh de wey to *Croche-Fryer*?

Frisce. How to *Croched-friers* ? I, I sir, passing well if you will follow me. (tanks.

Delio. I dat me sal monsieur Gentle-home, and giue you

Frisce. And Monsieur *Pharo*, I shall lead you such a iaunt that you shall scarce giue me thanks for. Come sirrs follow me : new for a durty Puddle, the pissing Conduit, or a great Post, that might turne these two from Asses to Oxen by knocking their Hornes to their Fore-heads.

Alua. Whaer be de now Signior ?

Frisce. Euen where you will Signior, for I know not : Soft I smell : Oh pure Nose.

Delio. What doe you smell ?

Frisce. I haue the scent of *London-stone* as full in my nose, as *Abchurch-lane* of another *Walles Pasties* : Sirrs feele about, I smell *London-stone*.

Alua. Wat be dis ?

Frisce. Soft let me see; feele I should say, for I cannot see: Oh lads pray for my life, for we are almost at *Croched-friers*.

Delio. Dats good : but warr be dis Post ?

Frisce. This Post ; why tis the May-pole on *Inis-bridge* going to *Westminster*.

Delio. Ho *Westmistere*, how come we tol *Westmistere* ?

Frisce. Why on your Legges fooles, how should you goe? Soft, heere's an other : Oh now I know indeede where I am ; wee are now at the fardest end of *Shoreditch*, for this is the May-pole.

Delio. *Sordiche* ; O dio, dere be some natie tinge, some Spirite do leade vs.

Frisce. You say true sir, for I am afeard your *French spirit* is vp-so far already, that you brought me this way, because you would find a Charme for it at the Blew Bore in the *Spittle* : But soft, who comes heere?

G

Enter

English-men for my money: or

Enter a Belman.

Bel. Maydes in your Smocks, looke wel to your Locks;
Your Fier and your Light; and God gine you good night.

Delio. Monsieur Gentle-home, I prey parle one, too,
tree, fore words vore vs to dis oull man.

Frisco. Yes marry shall I sir. I pray honest Fellow, in what
Streete be we?

Bel. Ho *Frisco*, whither friske you at this time of night?

Delio. What, *Monsieur Frisco*?

Alua. Signor *Frisco*?

Frisco. The same, the same: Harke yee honesty, mee
thinkes you might doe well to haue an M. vnder your
Girdle, considering how Signor *Pisaro*, and this other
Monsieur doe hold of mee.

Bell. Oh sir, I cry you mercie; pardon this fault, and Ile
doe as much for you the next time.

Frisco. Well, passing ouer superflinicall talke, I pray what
Street is this; for it is so darke, I know not where I am?

Bell. Why art thou druncke, Dost thou not know
Fanchursh-streete?

Frisco. I sir, a good Fellow may sometimes be ouerseene
among Friends; I was drinking with my Master and
these Gentlemen, and therefore no maruaile though I be
none of the wisest at this present: But I pray thee Good-
man *Buttericke*, bring me to my Masters House.

Bell. Why I will, I wil, push that you are so strange now
adayes: but it is an old said saw, Honors change Manners.

Frisco. Good-man *Buttericke* willyou walke afore:
Come honest Friends, will yee goe to our House?

Delio. Ouy monsieur *Frisco*.

Alua. Si signior *Frisco*.

Enter Vandalle.

Vand. Oh de skellam *Frisco*, it we it neit waer ic be;
ic goe and hit my nose op dit post, and ic goe and hit my
nose op danden post; Oh de villaine: Well, waer ben ic
now?

A Woman will haue her will,

now? Haw laet syen is dut neit croshe vrier, ya seker so ist
and dit *M. Pisaros* huis: Oh de good shaunce, well ic fall
now haue de *Wenſhe Laurentia*, meſtris *Laurentia*.

Enter Laurentia, Marina, Mathen, alone.

Mari. Who's there, Maſter *Haruit*?

Math. Maſter *Walgrane*?

Laur. Maſter *Heigham*?

Vand. Ya my Louue, here be meſter *Heigham* your
groot frinde,

Mari. How Maſter *Heigham* my grot vrinde?
Out alas; here's one of the Strangers.

Lauren. Peace you Mammet, let's ſee which it is; wee
may chaunce teach him a ſtrange tricke for his learning:
M. Heigham, what wind driues you to our houſe ſo late?

Vand. Oh my leiſe Meſken, de loue tol v be ſo groot, dat
het bring me out my bed voor you.

Math. Ha, ha, we know the Aſſe by his eares; it is the
Dutchman: what ſhall we doe with him?

Laure. Peace, let him not know, that you are heere: *M.
Heigham*, if you will ſtay awhile that I may ſee, if my Father
be a ſleepe, and Ile make meanes we may come togeather

Vand. Dat ſal ick my Loue. Is dit no well counterfett
I ſpeake ſo like meſter *Heigham* as tis poſſible.

Laure. Well, what ſhall we doe with this Lubber?
(Louer I ſhould ſay.)

Math. What ſhall wee doe with him?
Why crowne him with a —

Mari. Fie Slutt: No, wele uſe him clenlier; you know
we haue neuer a Signe at the dore, would not the ieſt proue
currant, to make the *Dutchman* ſupply that want.

Laure. Nay, the foole wil cry out, and ſo wake my father

Mat. Why, then wele cut the Rope & caſt him downe.

Laur. And ſo ieſt out a hanging; let's rather draw him vp
in the Basket, and ſo ſtarue him to death this froſty night.

Mari. In ſadneſſe, well aduiſe: Siſter, doe you holde
him in talke, and weele prouide it the whileſt.

English-men for my money : or

Laur. Goe to then. *M. Heigham*, oh sweete *M. Heigham*, doth my Father thinke that his vnkindnes can part you & poore *Laurentia*? No, no, I haue found a drift to bring you to my Chamber, if you haue but the heart to venter it.

Vand. Ventre, sal ick goe to de see, and be de see, and ore de see, and in de see voer my sweete Louue.

Laur. Then you dare goe into a Basket; for I know no other meanes to inioy your companie, then so: for my Father hath the Keyes of the Dore.

Vand. Sal ick climb vp tot you? sal ick fly vp tot you? sal ick, wat segdy?

Marb. Bid him doe it Sister, wee shall see his cunning.

Laur. Oh no, so he may catch a fal. There *M. Heigham* Put your selfe into that Basket, and I will draw you vp: But no words I pray you, for feare my Sister heare you.

Vand. No, no; no word: Oh de seete Wenshe, Ick come, Ick come.

Laur. Are you ready master *Heigham*?

Vand. Ia ick my sout Lady.

Mari. Merily then my Wenches.

Laur. How heauie the Ass is: Master *Heigham*, is there any in the Basket but your selfe?

Vand. Neit, neit, dare be no man.

Laur. Are you vp sir?

Vand. Neit, neit.

Mari. Nor neuer are you like to climbe more higher: Sisters, the Woodcock's caught, the Foole is cag'd.

Vand. My sout Lady I be nuc neit vp, pul me tot v.

Mass When, can you tell; what master *Vandalle*,
A wether beaten soldier, an old wench,
Thus to be ouer reach'd by three young Girles:
Ah sirra now weele-bragge with Mistres Moore,
To haue as fine a Parret as she hath,
Looke sisters what a pretty foole it is:
What a greene greasie shyning Coate he hath,
An Almonde for Parret, a Rope for Parret.

Vand. Doe you moc que me seger seger,
I sal seg your vader.

A Woman will haue her will.

Laur. Doe and you dare, you see here is your fortune,
Disquiet not my father ; if you doe,
He send you with a vengeance to the ground,
Well we must confesse we trouble you,
And ouer watching makes a wiseman madde,
Much more a foole, theres a Cusshon for you.

Mat. To bore you through the nose.

Laur. To lay your head on.

Couch in your Kennell sleepe and fall to rest,
And so good night for London maydes skorne still,
As *Dutchman* should be scene to curbe their will,

Vand. Hort ye Daughter, hort ye; gods se ker kin? will
ye no let me come tot you? ick bid you let me come tot you
wat sal ick don, ick would neit vor vn hundred pounce
Aluaro & Delion, should see me ope dit maner, well wat sal
ick don, ick mout neit cal: ver de Wenshes wil cut de rope
and breake my necke; ick sal here bleauen til de morning,
& dan ick sal cal to mester *Pisaro* & make him shafe & thite
his dauktors: Oh de skellum *Frisco*, Oh des cruell Hores.

Enter Pisaro.

Pisa. He put the Light out, least I be espied.
For closely I haue stolne me foorth a doores,
That I might know, how my three Sonnes haue sped
Now (afore God) my heart is pasing light,
That I haue ouerreach'd the *Englishmen*:
Ha, ha, Master *Vandalle*, many such nights
Will swage your bigg swolne bulke, and make it lancke:
When I was young; yet though my Haires be gray,
I haue a Young mans spirit to the death,
And can as nimbly trip it with a Girl,
As those which fold the spring-tide in their Beards:
Lord how the verie thought of former times,
Supples these neere dried limbes with actiuenesse:
Well, thoughts are shaddowes, sooner lost then scene,
Now to my Daughters, and their merrie night,
I hope *Aluaro* and his companie,

English-men for my money : or,
Haue read to them morall *Philosophy*,
And they are full with it : Here Ile stay,
And tarry till my gallant youthes come forth.

Enter Harnie, Walgrane, and Heigham.

Heigh. You mad-man, wilde-oats, mad-cap, where art
Walgr. Heere afore. (thou ?

Harn. Oh ware what loue is ? *Ned* hath found the scent,
And if the Conny chaunce to misse her Borough,
Shee's ouerborne yfaith, she cannot stand it.

Pisa. I know that voyce, or I am much deceiued.

Heigh. Come, why loyter we ? this is the Dore :
But soft, here's one asleepe.

Walgr. Come, let me feele :
Oh tis some Rogue or other, spurne him, spurne him.

Harn. Be not so wilfull, prethee let him lye. (house,

Heigh. Come backe, come backe, for we are past the
Yonder's *Matheas* Chamber with the light.

Pisa. Well fare a head, or I had bene discride.
Gods me, what makes the Youngsters here so late ?
I am a Rogue, and spurne him : well lacke sauce,
The Rogue is waking yet to spoyle your sport.

Walgr. Matt, Mistris *Mathea*, where be these Girles ?

Enter Mathea alone.

Math. Who's there below ?

Walgr. Thy *Ned*, kind *Ned*, thine honest trusty *Ned*.

Math. No, no, it is the *Frenchman* in his stead,
That Mounseieur motlicoeate that can dissemble :
Heare you *Frenchman*, packe to your Whores in *France*;
Though I am *Portingale* by the Fathers side.
And therefore should be lustfull, wanton, light ;
Yet goodman Goosecap, I will let you know,
That I haue so much *English* by the Mother,
That nobace slaueing *French* shall make me Roope :
And so, sir *Dan-delion* fare you well.

Walgr. What speechlesse, not a word : why how now *Ned* ?
Har.

A Woman will haue her will.

Har. The V Vench hath tane him downe,
He hangs his head.

Wal. You Dan-de-lion, you that talke so well:
Harke you a word or two good Mistris *Mass*,
Did you appoynt your Friends to meete you heere,
And being come, tell vs of V Vhores in *Fraunce*,
A *Spanish* Iennet, and an *English* Mare,
A Mongrill, halfe a Dogge and halfe a Bitch,
V Vith Tran-dido, Dil-dido, and I know not what?
Heare you, if you'le run away with *Ned*,
And be content to take me as you find me,
V Vhy so law, I am yours: if otherwise,
Youle change your *Ned*, to be a *Frenchmans* Trull?
Why then, *Madame Delio*, *le vous lassera a Dio, et la bon*
fortune.

Math. That voyce assures mee, that it is my Loue:
Say truly, Art thou my *Ned*? art thou my Loue?

Wal. Swounds who should I be but *Ned*?
You make me sweare.

Enter aboue Marina.

Mari. Who speake you to? *Mathea* who's below,

Har. *Marina.*

Mari. Young master *Haruy*? for that voyce saith so.

Enter Laurentia.

Laur. Speake sister *Mass*, is not my true Loue there?

Math. *Ned* is.

Laur. Not master *Heigham*?

Heigh. *Laurentia*, heere.

Laur. Ysayth thou'art welcome.

Heigh. Better cannot Fall.

Math. Sweete, so art thou.

Mari. As much to mine.

Laur. Nay Gentles, welcome all.

Pisa. Here's cunning harlottries, they feed these off
With welcome, and kind words, whilst other Lads

Reuell

English-men for my money : or

Reuell in that delight they should possesse :
Good Girles, I promise you I like you well.

Mari. Say maister *Harry*, saw you, as you came,
That Leacher, which my Sire appoynts my man ?
I meane that wanton base *Italian*,
That *Spanish*-leather spruce companion :
That anticke Ape trickt vp in fashion :
Had the Ass come, I'd learne him, difference been
Betwixt an *English* Gentleman and him.

Heigh. How would you vse him (*sweete*)
If he should come ?

Mari. Nay nothing (*sweet*) but only wash his crowne :
Why, the Ass woos in such an amorous key,
That he presumes no Wench should say him nay :
Hee slauers not his Fingers, wipes his Bill,
And sweares, in sayth you shall, in sayth I will,
That I am almost madd to bide his wooing.

Heigh. Looke what he said in word, Ile act in doing.

Walg. Leauethought of him, for day steales on apace,
And to our Loues : Will you performe your words ;
All things are ready, and the Parson stands,
To ioyne as hearts in hearts, our hands in hands ;
Night fauours vs, the thing is quickly done,
Then trusse vp bagg and Baggage, and be gon :
And ere the morning, to augment your ioyes,
VVeele make you Mothers of sixe goodly Boyes.

Heigh. Promise them three good *Ned*, and say no more.

Walg. But Ile get three, and if I get not foure.

Pisa. Theres a sound Card at *Maw*, a lustie lad,
Your Father thought him well when one he had.

- *Heigh.* VVhat say you sweets, will you performe your
wordes ?

Mat. Loue to true loue, no lesser meede affordes ;
VVee say we loue you, and that loues fayre breath
Shall leide vs with you round about the Earth :
And that our loues, vowes, wordes, may all proue true,
Prepare your armes, for thus we flie to you. *They embrace.*

Walg.

A Woman will haue her will.

Walg. This workes like waxe, now ere to morrow day,
If you two ply it but as well as I,
Weele worke our landes out of *Pisaro's* Daughters :
And cansell all our bondes in their great Bellies,
When the slaue knowes it, how the Rogue will curse?

Matt. Sweete heart.

Walg. *Matt.*

Mathe. Where art thou.

Pisa. Here.

Mathe. Oh Iesus heres our fathers.

Walg. The Diuell he is.

Harr. Master *Pisaro*, twenty times God morrow,

Pisa. Good morrow ? now I tell you Gentlemen,
You wrong and moue my patience ouermuch,
What wilt you Rob me, Kill me, Cutte my Throte :
And set mine owne blood here against me too,
You huswifes ? Baggages ? or what is worse.
Wilfull, stoubborne, disobedient :
Vse it not Gentlemen, abuse me not,
Newgate hath some thers law enough in England,

Heigh. Be not so testie, heare what we can say.

Pisa. Will you be wiu'de ? first learue to keepe a wife,
Learne to be thriftie, learne to keepe your Lands,
And learne to pay your debts to, I aduise, else.

Walg. What else, what Lands, what Debts, what will
you doe ?

Haue you our Land in Morgage for your mony,
Nay since tis so, we owe you not a Penny,
Frette not, Fume not, neuer bende the Browe :
You take Tenn in the hundred more then Law,
We can complaine, extortion, simony,
Newgate hath Rome, theres Law enough in England.

Heigh. Prethee haue done.

Walg. Prethy me no Prethies.

Here is my wife, Sbloud touch her, if thou darst,
Hearst thou, Ile lie with her before thy face,
Against the Crosse in Cheape, here, any where,

H

What

English-men for my money: or

What you old craftie Fox you.

Heigh. Ned, stop there.

Pisa. Nay, nay speake out, beare witnesse Gentlemen.
Wheres *Mowche*, charge my Musket, bring me my bill,
For here are some that meane to Rob thy master.

Enter Anthony.

I am a Fox with you, well Iack sawce.
Beware least for a Goose, I prey on you.

Exeunt Pisa and Daughters.

In baggages, *Mowche* make fast the doore.

Walg. A vengeance on ill lucke,

Antho. What neuer storme,

But bridle anger with wise government.

Heig. Whom? *Anthony* our friend, Ah now our hopes,
Are found too light to ballance our ill happes.

Antho. Tut nere say so, for *Anthony*

Is not denoyde of meanes to helpe his Friends.

Walg. Swounds, what a diuell made he foorth so late?

Ile lay my life twas hee that fainde to sleepe,

And we all vnuspitious, tearme a Rouge.

Oh God, had I but knowne him; if I had,

I would haue writt such Letters with my Sword

Vpon the bald skin of his parching pare,

That he should nere haue liude to crosse vs more.

Antho. These menaces are vaine, and helpeth naught:

But I haue in the deapth of my conceit

Found out a mere materiall stratagem:

Harke Master *Walgrane*, yours craues quick dispatch,

About it straight, stay not to say farewell.

Exit. Walgrane.

You Master *Heigham*, hie you to your Chamber,

And stirre not foorth, my shaddow, or my selfe,

Will in the morning early visit you;

Build on my promise sir, and so good night. *Exit. Heigham.*

Last, yet as great in loue, as to the first:

A Woman will haue her will,

Yf you remember, once I told a iest,
How feigning to be sicke, a Friend of mine
Posselt the happy issue of his Loue :
That counterfeited humor must you play ;
I need not to instruct, you can conceiue,
Vse master *Browne* your Host, as chiefe in this :
But first, to make the matter seeme more true,
Sickly and sadly bid the churle good night ;
I hear e him at the Window, there he is.

Enter Pisaro alone.

Now for a trick to ouerreach the Diuell.
I tell you sir, you wrong my master much,
And then to make amends, you giue hard words :
H'ath beene a friend to you ; nay more, a Father :
I promise you, tis most vngently done.

Pisa. I, well said *Mowche*, now I see thy loue,
And thou shalt see mine, one day if I liue.
None but my Daughters sir, hanges for your tooth :
I'de rather see them hang'd first, ere you get them.

Harn. Master *Pisaro*, heare a dead man speake,
Who singes the wofull accents of his end.
I doe confesse I loue ; then let not loue
Proue the sad engine of my liues remooue :
Marina's rich Possession was my blisse ?
Then in her losse, all ioy ecclipsed is :
As euery Plant takes vertue of the Sunne ;
So from her Eyes, this life and beeing sprung :
But now debard of those cleare shyning Rayes,
Death for Earth gapes, and Earth to Death obeyes :
Each word thou spakst, (oh speake not so againe)
Bore Deaths true image on the Word ingrauen ;
Which as it flue mixt with Heauens ayerie breath,
Summond the dreadfull Sessions of my death :
I leaue thee to thy wish, and may th'euent
Proue equall to thy hope and hearts content.
Marina to that hap: that happiest is ;

English men for my money : or

My Body to the Graue, my Soule to blisse.

Haue I done well?

Exit. Haruy.

Antho. Excellent well in troth.

Pisar. I, goe; I, goe: your words moue me as much,
As doth a Stone being cast against the ayre.

But soft, What Light is that? What Folkes be those? Oh tis
Aluaro and his other Friends, Ile downe and let them in.

Exit.

Enter Belman, Frisco, Vandalle, Delion and Aluaro.

Frisco. VWhere are we now gaffer *Buttericke*? (wits?

Bell. Why know you not *Croched-frisers*, where be your

Aluar. Wat be tis *Crosh-viers*? vidite padre dare; tacke
you dat, me sal troble you no farre.

Bell. I thanke you Gentlemen, good night:

Good night *Frisco.*

Exit Belman.

Frisco. Farewell *Buttericke*, what a Clowne it is:

Come on my masters merrily, Ile knocke at the dore.

Antho. Who's there, our three wise Woers,
Blockhead our man? had he not beene,
They might haue hanged them selues,
For any VVenches they had hit vpon:
Good morrow, or good den, I know not whether.

Delio. Monsieur de *Mowche*, wat macke you out de Hou's
so late?

Enter Pisaro below.

Pisa. VWhat, what, yung men & sluggards? fy for shame
You trifle ti ne at home about vaine toyes,
VWhilst others in the meane time, steale your Brides:
I tell you sir, the *English* Gentlemen
Had wel-ny mared you, and mee, and all;
The Dores were open, and the Girles abroad,
Their Sweet-hearts ready to receiue them to:
And gone forsooth they had beene, had not I
(I thinke by reuelation) stoppt their flight:
But I haue coopt them vp, and so will keepe them.
But sirra *Frisco*, where's the man I sent for?
VWhose Cloake haue you got there?

How

A Woman will haue her will.

How now, where's *Vandalle*?

Frisc. For-sooth he is not heere:

Master *Mendall* you meane, doe you not?

Pisa. Why loggerhead, him I sent for, where is he?
Where hast thou been? How hast thou spent thy time
Did I not send thee to my Sonne *Vandalle*?

Frisc. I M. *Mendall*; why forsooth I was at his Chamber, and wee were comming hitherward, and he was very hot, and bade me carry his Cloake; and I no sooner had it, but he (being very light) firkes me downe on the left hand, and I turnd downe on the left hand, and so lost him.

Pisa. Why then you turnd together, Assc.

Frisc. No sir, we neuer saw one another since;

Pisa. VVhy, turnd you not both on the left hand?

Frisc. No for-sooth we turnd both on the left hand.

Pisa. Hoyda, why yet you went both together.

Frisc. Ah no, we went cleane contrary one from another

Pisa. Why Dolt, why Patch, why Assc,
On which hand turnd yee:

Frisc. Alas, alas, I cannot tell for-sooth, it was so darke I could not see, on which hand we turnd: But I am sure we turnd one way.

Pisa. VVas euer creature plagud with such a Dolt?
My Sonne *Vandalle* now hath lost himselfe,
And shall all night goe straying bout the Towne;
Or meete with some strange Watch that knowe him not;
And all by such an arrant Assc as this.

Antho. No, no, you may soone smel the *Duchmans* lodg-
Now for a Figure: Out alas, what's yonder? (ing;

Pisa. Where?

Frisc. Hoyda, hoyda, a Basket: it turnes, hoe.

Pisa. Peace ye Villaine, and let's see who's there?
Goe looke about the House, where are our weapons?
What might this meane?

Frisc. Look e, look e, looke; there's one in it, he peeps out:
Is there nere a Stone here to hurle at his Nose.

Pisa. What, wouldst thou breake my Windowes

English-men for my money : or,

with a Stone? How now, who's there, who are you sir?

Fris. Looke, he peepes out againe: Oh its *M. Mendal*. its *M. Mendall*: how got he vp thither?

Pisa. VWhat my Sonne *Vandalle*, how comes this to passe?

Alua. Signior *Vandalle*, wat do yo goe to de wenshe in dit little Basket?

Vand. Oh *Vadere*, *Vadere*, here be fush cruell Dochterkens, ick ben also weary, also weary, also cold; for be in dit little Basket: Ick prey helpe de me.

Fris. Hee lookes like the signe of the Month without Bishops gate, gaping, and a great Face, and a great Head, and no Body.

Pisa. Why how now Sonne, what haue your Adamants Drawne you vp so farre, and there left you hanging Twixt Heauen and Earth like *Mabomers* Sepulchre?

Antho. They did vnkindly, whofoere they were, They plagu'd him here, like *Tantalus* in Hell, To touch his lips like the desired Fruite, And then to snatch it from his gaping Chappes.

Alua. A little farder signior *Vandalle*, aud den may put v hed into de windo and cash de wensh.

Vand. Ick prey *Vader* dat you helpe de me, Ick prey goodie *Vader*.

Pisa. Helpe you, but how?

Fris. Cut the Rope.

Antho. Sir, Ile go in and see,
And if I can, Ile let him downe to you.

Exit Anthony.

Pisa. Doe gentle *Monche*: Why but here's a iest;
They say, high climers haue the greatest falles:
If you should fall; as how youle doe I know not,
Birlady I should doubt me of my Sonne:
Pray to the Rope to hold: Art thou there *Monche*?

Enter Anthony above.

Antho. Yes sir, now you may chuse, whether youle stay
till

A Woman will haue her will.

till I let him downe, or whether I shall cut him downe?

Frisc. Cut him downe master *Mowse*, cut him downe,
And lets see how heele tumble.

Pisa. Why sance, who ask'd your counsell?
Let him downe.

What with a Cushion too? why you prouided
To leade your life as did *Diogenes*?
And for a Tubb, to creepe into a Basket.

Vand. Ick sal seg v Vader, Ick quame here to your Huis
and spreake tol de Dochterken.

Frisc. Master *Mendall*, you are welcome out of the Basket:
I smell a Ratt, it was not for nothing, that you lost mee.

Vand. Oh skellam, you run away from me.

Pisa. I thought so sirra, you gaue him the slip.

Frisc. Faw, no for-sooth; Ile tell you how it was: when
we come from *Bucklers-Bury* into *Cornwall*, and I had taken
the Cloake, then you should haue turn'd down on your
left hand, and so haue gone right forward, and so turn'd vp
again, and so haue crost the streete; and you like an
Ass.

Pisa. Why, how now Raskall is your manners such?
You Ass, you Dolt, why led you him through Corn-hill,
Your way had been to come through Canning street.

Frisc. Why, so I did sir.

Pisa. Why, thou sayst yee were in Corne-hill.

Frisc. Indeed sir there was three faults, the Night was
darke, M. *Mendall* drunke, and I sleepy, that we could not
tell very well, which way we went.

Pisa. Sirra I owe for this a Cudgelling:
But Gentelmen, such things haue saine out so,
And for I see *Vandalle* quakes for cold,
This night accept your lodgings in my house,
And in the morning forward with your marriage,
Come on my sonnes, sirra fetch vp more wood.

Exeunt:

Enter:

English-men for my money : or

Enter the three Sisters.

Laur. Nay, neuer weepe *Marina* for the matter,
Teares are but signes of sorrow, helping not.

Mari. Would it not madde one to be crost as I,
Being in the very height of my desire?
The strangers frustrate all: our true loue's come,
Nay more, euen at the doore, and *Haruius* armes
Spred as a Raine-bowe ready to receiue me,
And then my Father meete vs: Oh God, oh God.

Mat. Weepe who that list for me, yfaith not I,
Though I am youngest yet my stomackes great:
Nort is not father, friends, nor any one,
Shall make me wed the man I cannot loue:
He haue my will ynfayth, yfaith I will.

Laur. Let vs determine Sisters what to doe,
My father meanes to wed vs in the morning.
And therefore something must be thought vpon.

Mari. Weele to our father and so know his minde,
Tand his reason too, we are no fooles,
Or Babes neither, to be fedde with words.

Laur. Agreede, agreede: but who shall speake for all?

Math. I will.

Mari. No I.

Laur. Thou wilt not speake for crying.

Mari. Yes, yes I warrant you, that humors left,
Bee I but mou'de a little, I shall speake,
And anger him I feare, ere I haue done.

Enter Anthony.

All. Whom *Anthony*, our friend, our Schoole-master?
Now helpe vs Gentle *Anthony*, or neuer.

Antho. What is your hastie running chang'd to prayer,
Say, where were you going:

Laur. Euen to our father,
To know what he intendes to doe with vs.

Antho. Tis bootlesse trust mee, for he is resolud

To

A Woman will haue her will,

marry you to.

To *Mari*. The Strangers.

Antho. Y sayth he is.

Math. Y sayth he shall not.

Frenchman, be sure wee le plucke a Crow together,
Before you force me giue my hand at Church.

Mari. Come to our Fathers speach this comfort finds,
That we may scould out grieffe and ease our mindes.

Antho. Stay, Stay *Marina*, and aduise you better,
It is not Force, but Pollicie must serue:

The Dores are lockt, your Father keepes the Keye,
Wherefore vnpossible to scape away:

Yet haue I plotted, and deuise'd a drift,

To frustrate your intended mariages,

And giue you full possession of your ioyes:

Laurentia, ere the mornings light appeare,

You must play *Anthony* in my disguise.

Math. } *Anthony*, what of vs? What shall we weare?
Mari. }

Antho. Soft, soft, you are too forward Girles, I sweare,
For you some other drift deuise'd must bee?

One shaddow for a substance: this is shee.

Nay weepe not sweetes, repose vpon my care,

For all alike, or good or bad shall share:

You will haue *Harnie*, you *Heigham*, and you *Ned*;

You shall haue all your wish, or be I dead:

For sooner may one day the Sea lie still,

Then once restraine a Woman of her will.

All. Sweete *Anthony*, how shall we quit thy hire?

Antho. Not gifts, but your contentments I desire:

To helpe my COUNTRYMEN I cast about,

For Strangers lones blase fresh, but soone burne out:

Sweete rest dwell heere, and frightfull feare obiaire,

These eyes shall wake to make you rest secure:

For ere againe dull night the dull eyes charmes,

Each one shall fould her Husband in her armes:

Which if it chaunce we may auouch it still,

English-men for my money: or
Women & Maydes will alwayes haue their will. Exunt.

Enter Pisa and Frisco.

Pisa. Are Wood and Coales brought vp to make a fire?
Is the Meate spitted ready to lie downe:
For Bake Meates Ile haue none, the world's too hard:
There's Geefe too, now I remember me;
Bid *Mawdlin* lay the Giblets in Past,
Here's nothing thought vpon, but what I doe.
Stay *Frisco*, see who ringes: looke to the Dore,
Let none come in I charge, were he my Father,
Ile keepe them whilst I haue them: *Frisco*, who is it?

Frisco. She is come ynfayth.

Pisa. Who's come?

Frisco. Mistris *Susanne*, Mistris *Moore*s daughter.

Pisa. Mistris *Susan*, Afe? Oh she must come in.

Frisco. Hang him, if he keepe out a Wench:
Yf the Wench keepe not out him, so it is.

Enter Walgrane in Womens attire.

Pisa. Welcome Mistris *Susan*, welcome;
I little thought you would haue come to night;
But welcome (trust me) are you to my house:
What, doth your Mother mende? doth she recouer?
I promise you I am sorry for her sicknesse.

Walg. She's better then she was, I thanke God for it.

Pisa. Now afore God she is a sweete smugge Girle,
One might doe good on her; the flesh is frayle,
Man hath infirmitie, and such a Bride,
Were able to change Age to hot desire:
Harke you Sweet-heart,

To morrow are my Daughters to be wedde,
I pray you take the paines to goe with them.

Walg. If sir youle giue me leaue, Ile waite on them.

Pisa. Yes marry shall you, and a thousand thanks,
Such company as you my Daughters want,
Maydes must grace Maydes, when they are married:

A Woman will haue her will.

Is't not a merry life (thinke thou) to wed,
For to imbrace, and be imbrac'd abed.

Walg. I know not what you meane sir.
Heere's an old Ferret Pol-cat.

Pisa. You may doe, if youle follow mine aduice;
I tell thee Mouse, I knew a Wench as nice:
Well, thee's at rest poore soule, I meane my Wife,
That thought (alas good heart) Loue was a toy,
Vntill (well, that time is gon and past away)
But why speake I of this: Harke yce Sweeteing,
There's more in Wedlocke, then the name can shew;
And now (birlady) you are ripe in yeares:
And yet take heed Wench, there lyes a Pad in Straw;

Walg. Old Fornicator, had I my Dagger,
Ide breake his Costard.

Pisa. Young men are slippery, fickle, wauering;
Constant abiding graceth none but Age:
Then Maydes should now waxe wife, and doe so,
As to chuse constant men, let fickle goe,
Youth's vnregarded, and vnhonoured:
Aniauncient Man doth make a Mayde a Matron:
And is not that an Honour, how say you? how say you?

Walg. Yes forsooth,
(Oh old lust will you neuer let me goe.)

Pisa. You say right well, and doe but thinke thereon,
How Husbands, honored yeares, long card. for wealth,
Wife staydness, Experient gouernment,
Doth grace the Mayde, that thus is made a Wife,
And you will wish your selfe such, on my life.

Walg. I thinke I must turne womankind altogether,
And scratch out his eyes:
For as long as he can see me, hele nere let me goe.

Pisa. But goe (sweet-heart) to bed, I doe thee wrong,
The lateness now, makes all our talke seeme long.

Enter Anthony.

How now *Melbeche*, be the Girlerabed?

English men for my money : or

Antbo. *Mathea* (and it like you) faine would sleepe,
but onely tarrieth for her bed-fellow.

Pisa. Ha, say you well : come light her to her Chamber,
Good rest with I to thee ; with so to me,
Then *Susan* and *Pisaro* shall agree :
Thinke but what ioy is neere your bed-fellow,
Such may be yours ; take counsell of your Pillow :
To morrow weele talke more ; and so good night,
Thinke what is sayd, may be, if all hit right.

Walg. What haue I past the Pikes : knowes he not *Ned*,
I thinke I haue deseru'de his Daughters bed.

Antbo. Tis well, tis well : but this let me request,
You keepe vnknowne, till you be layde to rest :
And then a good hand speed you.

Walg. Tut, nere feare me,
We two abed shall neuer disagree.

Exeunt Antbo. & Walg.

Fris. I haue stood still all this while, & could not speake
for laughing : Lord what a Dialogue hath there beene be-
twene Age and Youth. You do good on her ? euen as much
as my *Duchman* will doe on my young Mistris : *Master*,
Follow my counsell ; then send for *Malter Heigham* to help
him, for Ile lay my Cap to two Pence, that hee will bee a-
sleepe to morrow at night, when hee should goe to bed to
her : Marry for the *Italian*, he is of another humor, for there
will be no dealings with him, til midnight ; for he must fla-
uer all the Wenches in the house at parting, or he is no bo-
dy : he hath bene but a little while at our House, yet in that
smal time, he hath lickt more Grease from our *Mandlins* lips
then would haue seru'd *London* Kitchenstufte this twelue-
month. Yet for my money, well fare the *Frenchman*, Oh
he is a forward lad, for heele no sooner come frō the Church
but heele fly to the Chamber ; why heele read his lesson so
often in the day time, that at night like an apt Scholler, hele
be ready to sell his old booke to buy him a new. Oh the ge-
nerations of Languages that our House will bring forth ;
why euery Bed will haue a proper speach to himselfe, and
haue

A Woman will haue her will.

haue the Founders name written vpon it in faire Capital letters, *Here lay*, and so forth.

Pisa. Youle be a villaine still: Looke who's at dore?

Frise. Nay by the Masse, you are M. Porter, for Ile be hang'd if you loose that office, hauing so pretty a morsell vnder your keeping: I goe (old huddle) for the best Nose: at smelling out a Pin-fold, that I know: well, take heede, you may happes picke vp Wormes so long, that at length some of them get into your Nose, and neuer out after: But what an Assc am I to thinke so, considering all the Lodgings are taken vp already, and there's not a Dog-kennell empty for a strange Worme to breed in.

Enter Anthony.

Antho. The day is broke; *Mahea* and young *Ned*, By this time, are so sorely linckt together, That none in *London* can forbid the Bance. *Laurentia* she is neere provided for: So that if *Harnies* pollicie but hold, Else-where the Strangers may goe seeke them Wines: But heere they come.

Enter Pisa and Browne.

Pisa. Six a clocke say you trust mee, forward dayes: Harke you *Mewebe*, hie you to Church, Bid M. *Beyford* be in readinesse now, Where goe you, that way?

Antho. For my Cloake, sir.

Pisa. Oh tis well: and M. *Browne*, Trust mee, your earely stirring makes memuse, Is it to mee your businesse?

Browne. Euen to your selfe: I come (I thinke) to bring you welcome newes,

Pisa. And welcome newes, More welcome makes the bringer:

Speake, speake, good M. *Browne*, I long to heare them.

Browne. Then this it is. Young *Harnie* late last night,

English-men for my money : or,

Full weake and sickly came vnto his lodging,
From whence this suddaine mallady proceedes :
Tis all vnbertaine, the Doctors and his Friends
Affirme his health is vnreconerable :
Young *Heigham* and *Ned Walgrane* lately left him,
And I came hither to informe you of it.

Pisa. Young *M. Hurvy* sicke ; now afore God
The newes bites neere the Bone : for should he die,
His Liuing morgaged would be redcem'd,
For not these three months doth the Bond beare date :
Die now, marry God in heauen defend it ;
Oh my sweete Lands, loofe thee, nay loose my life :
And which is worst, I dare not aske mine owne,
For I take two and twenty in the hundred,
When the Law giues but ten : But should he liue,
Hce carelesse would haue left the debt vnpaide,
Then had the Lands been mine, *Pisars* owne,
Mine, mine owne Land, mine owne Possession.

Brow. Nay heare me out.

Pisa. You'r out too much already,
Vnlesse you giue him life, and me his Land.

Brow. Whether tis loue to you, or to your Daughter,
I know not certaine ; but the Gentleman
Hath made a deed of gift of all his Lands,
Vnto your beautilous Daughter faire *Marina*.

Pisa. Ha, say that word againe, say it againe,
A good thing cannot be too often spoken :

Marina say you, are you sure tis thus ?
Or *Mary*, *Margery*, or some other Maide ?

Brow. To none but your Daughter faire *Marina*.

And for the gift might be more forcible,
Your neighbour master *Moore* aduised vs.

(Who is a witness of young *Heighams* Will.)

Sicke as he is, to bring him to your house :

I know they are not farre, but doe attende,

That they may know, what welcome they shall haue.

Pisa. VVhat welcome sir ; as welcome as new life

Giuen

A Woman will have her will.

Giuen to the poore condemned Prisoner :
Returne (good master Browne) assure their welcome,
Say it, nay, sweare it; for they's welcome truly:
For welcome are they to me which bring Gold
See downe who knockes; it may be there, they are :
Frisco call downe my Sonnes, bid the Girles rise :
V Where's *Mowche*; what, is he gon or no?

Enter Laurentia in Anthonies attire.

Oh heare you sirra, bring along with you
Master *Balsaro* the Spanish Marchant.

Laure. Many *Balsaros* I; ill to my Loue :
And thanks to *Anthonie* for this escape.

Pisa. Stay, take vs with you, Harke, they knocke againe,
Come my soules comfort, thou good newes bringer,
I must needes hugge thee euen for pure affection.

*Enter Harue brought in a Chaire, Moore, Browne,
Aluaro Vandalle, Delio, and Frisco.*

Pisa. Lift softly (good my friends) for hurting him.

Looke chearely sir, you'r welcome to my house.

Harke, M. *Vandalle*, and my other Sonnes,

Scame to be sad as. grieuing for his sicknesse,

But inwardly reioyce. M. *Vandalle*,

Signor *Aluaro*, Monsieur *Delio*,

Bid my Friend welcome, pray bid him welcome :

Take a good heart; I doubt not (by Gods leaue)

You shall recover and doe well enough :

(Yf I should thinke so, I should hang my selfe.)

Frisco, goe bid *Marina* come to mee.

Exit Frisco.

You are a V Vitnesse sir, of this mans V Vill :

What thinke you M. *Moore*, what say you to't ?

Moor. Master *Pisaro*, follow mine aduice :

You see the Gentleman cannot escape,

Then let him straight be wedded to your Daughter ;

So during life time, she shall hold his Land,

V When now (beeing not kith nor kin to him),

For

Englishmen for my money: or

For all the deed of Gift, that he hath seald,
His younger Brother will inioy the Land.

Pisa. Marry my Daughter: no birlady.
Heare you *Aluaro*, my Friend counsailes mee.
Seeing young *M. Haruie* is so sicke,
To marry him incontinent to my Daughter,
Or else the gift he hath bestowde, is vaine:
Marry and hee recouer; no my Sonne,
I will not loofe thy loue for all his Land.

Alua. Here you padre, do no lose his Lands, his hundred pont *per anno*, tis wort to hauer; let him haue de matresse *Marina* in de marriage, tis but vor me to attendre vne day more: if he will no die, I sal giue him such a Drinke, such a Potion sal mak him giue de *Bonus noches* to all de world.

Pisa. *Aluaro*, here's my Keyes, take all I haue,
My Money, Plate, Wealth, lewels, Daughter too:
Now God be thanked, that I haue a Daughter,
Worthy to be *Aluaro's* bedfellow:
Oh how I doe admire and prayse thy wit,
Ile straight about it: Heare you Master Moore.

Enter Marina and Frisco.

Frisco. Nay sayth hee's sicke, therefore though hee be come, yet he can doe you no good; there's no remedy but euen to put your selfe into the hands of the *Italian*, that by that time that he hath past his growth, young *Haruie* will be in case to come vpon it with a life of fresh force.

Mari. Is my Loue come, & sicke? I now thou louest me,
How my heart ioyes: Oh God, get I my will,
Ile driue away that Sicknesse with a kisse:
I need not faine, for I could weepe for ioy.

Pisa. It shall be so, come hither Daughter,
Master *Haruie*, that you may see my loue
Comes from a single heart vnsaynedly,
See heere my Daughter, her I make thine owne:
Nay looke not strange, before these Gentlemen,

A Woman will haue her will.

I freely yeeld *Marina* for thy Wife.

Harn. Stay, stay good sir, forbear this idle worke,
My soule is labouring for a higher place,
Then this vaine transitory world can yeeld:
What would you wed your Daughter to a Graue?
For this is Deaths modell in mans shape:
You and *Aluaro* happy liue together:
Happy were I, to see you liue together.

Pisa. Come sir, I trust you shall doe well againe:
Here, here, it must be so; God giue you ioy,
And blesse you (not a day to liue together.)

Fand. Most ye broder, will ye let den ander heb your
Wlue? nempt haer, nempt haer your selue?

Alua. No, no; tuff you be de foole, here be dat sal spoile
de marriage of hem you haue deceiue me of de fine Wensh
signior *Harnis*, but I sal deceue you of de mush Land.

Harn. Are all things sure Father, is all dispatch'd?

Pisa. What interest we haue we yeeld it you:
Are you now satisfied, or rests there ought?

Harn. Nay Father, nothing doth remaine, but thanks:
Thanks to your selfe first, that disdayning me,
Yet lou'd my Lands, and for them gaue a Wife.
But next, vnto *Aluaro* let me tune,
To courteous, gentle, louing; kind *Aluaro*,
That rather then to see me die for loue,
For very loue, would lose his beauteous Loue.

Fand. Ha, ha, ha.

Del. Signior *Aluaro*, giue him de ting quickly fall
make hem dy, autremant you sal lose de fine Wensh.

Alua. *Oyme che haneffe al bonu appressata la mano al mio co-
ro, o sien curato ate, I che longo sis tu arinata, o cieli, o terra.*

Pisa. Am I awake or doe deluding Dreames,
Make that seeme true, which most my soule did feare?

Harn. Nay faith Father, it's very certaint true,
I am as well as any man on earth:

Am I sicke sir? I boke here, is *Harnis* sicke?

Pisa. V What shall I doe? what shall I say?

English-men for my wrenny? or

Did not you counsell me to wed my childe?
What Potion? Where's your helpe, your remedy.

Harn. I hope more happy starres will raigne to day,
And *Don Aluaro* haue more company.

Enter Anthony.

Antbo. Now *Anthony*, this cottens as it should,
And euery thing sorts to his wish'd effect:

Harn ioyes *Moll*; my *Dutchman* and the *French*,
Thinking all sure, laughes at *Aluaro* hap;
But quickly I shall marre that merry vaine,
And make your Fortunes equall with your Friends.

Pisa. Sirra *Mowche*, what answer brought you backe?
Will master *Balsaro* come, as I requested?

Antbo. Master *Balsaro*; I know not who you meane.

Pisa. Know you not *Ass*, did not I send thee for him?
Did I not bid thee bring him, with the Parson?
What answer made he, will he come or no?

Antbo. Sent me for him: why sir, you sent not me,
I neither went for him, nor for the Parson:
I am glad to see your Worship is so merry.

knocks.

Pisa. Hence you forgetfull dolt:

Looke downe who knocks?

Exit Anthony.

Enter Frisco.

Frisco. Oh Master, hang your selfe: nay, neuer stay for
a Sessions: Master *Vandalle* confesse your selfe, desire the
people to pray for you; for your Bride she is gone: *Laurentia*
is runne away.

Vand. Oh de Diabolo, de mal-fortune: is matresse *Laurentia*
gaen awech.

Pisa. First tell me that I am a liuelie coarse;
Tell me of Doomes-day, tell me what you will,
Before you say *Laurentia* is gone.

Mari. Master *Vandalle*, how doe you feele your selfe?
What, hang the head? sic man for shame I say,
Looke not so heany on your marriage day.

Harn.

A Woman will be her will.

Harn. Oh blame him not, his griefe is quickly spide,
That is a Bridegrome, and yet wants his Bride,

Enter Heigham, Laurentia, Balfaro, and Anthony.

Balf. Master *Pisaro*, and Gentlemen, good day to all:
According sir, as you requested mee,
This morne I made repaire vnto the Tower,
Where as *Laurentia* now was married:
And sir, I did expect your comming thither;
Yet in your absence, we perform'd the rites:
Therefore I pray sir, bid God giue them ioy.

Heigh. He tels you true, *Laurentia* is my Wife,
Who knowing that her Sisters must be wed;
Presuming also, that you'le bid her welcome.
Are come to beare them company to Church.

Harn. You come to late, the Mariage rites are done:
Yet welcome twenty-fold vnto the Feast.
Now say you sirs, did I not tell you true,
These Wenches would haue vs, and none of you.

Laur. I cannot say for these; but on my life,
This loues a Cushion better then a Wife.

Mall. And reason too, that Cushion fell out right,
Else hard had been his lodging all last night.

Balf. Master *Pisaro*, why stand you speechlesse thus?

Pisa. Anger, and extreame griefe enforceth me.
Pray sir, who bade you welcome me at the Tower?

Balf. Who sir; your man sir, *Mowche*; here he is.

Antho. Who I sir, meane you me? you are a iesting man.

Pisa. Thou art a Villaine, a dissembling Wretch,
Worse then *Anthony* whom I kept last:
Fetch me an Officer, Ile hamper you,
And make you sing at *Bride-well* for this trick:
For well he hath deseru'd it, that would sweare
He went not forth a doore at my appoyntment.

Antho. So sweare I still, I went not forth to day.

Balf. Why arrant lyer, wert thou not with me?

Pisa. How say you master *Brown*, went he not forth?

K 2

Brown.

English men for my money: or

Brow. Hee, or his likenesse did, I know not whether.

Pisa. What likenesse can there be besides himselfe?

Laur. My selfe (forsooth) that tooke his shape vpon me;
I was that *Mowche* that you sent from home:

And that same *Mowche* that deceiu'd you,

Effect'd to possesse this Gentleman:

Which to attaine, I thus be guil'd you all.

Fris. This is excellent, this is as fine as a Fiddle: you
M. Heigham got the Wench in *Mowches* apparell, now let
Mowche put on her apparell, and be married to the *Duch-*
man: How thinke you, is it not a good vize?

Moor. Master *Pisaro*, shake off melancholy,
When things are helpelesse, patience must be vs'd.

Pisa. Talk of Patience? He not beare these wronges:
Goe call downe *Matt*, and mistris *Susan Moore*,
Tis well that of all three, we haue one sure.

Moor. Mistris *Susan Moore*, who doe you meane sir?

Pisa. Whom should I meane sir: but your Daughter?

Moor. You'r very pleasant sir: but tell me this,
When did you see her, that you speake of her?

Pisa. I, late yester-night, when she came heere to bed.

Moor. You are deceiu'd, my Daughter lay not heere,
But watch'd with her sicke mother all last night.

Pisa. I am glad you are so pleasant *M. Moor*,
You'r loth that *Susan* should be held a sluggard:
What man, t'was late before she went to bed,
And therefore time enough to rise againe.

Moor. Master *Pisaro*, doe you shoute your friends;
I well perceiue if I had troubled you,

I should haue had it in my dish ere now:

Susan lie heere? am sure when I came soorth,

I left her fast asleepe in bed at home;

Tis more then neighbour-hood to vse me thus.

Pisa. Abed at your house? tell me I am madd,
Did not I let her in adores my selfe,
Spoke to her, talk'd with her, and canuest with her;
And yet she lay not heere? What say you sirra?

Ambo.

Antho. She did, she did; I brought her to her Chamber.

Moor. I say he lyes (that say th so) in his throat.

Antho. Maile now I remember me, I lye indeed.

Pisa. Oh how this frets mee; *Frisco*, what say you?

Frisco What say I? Marry I say, if shee lay not heere, there was a familiar in her likeness; for I am sure my Master and she were so familiar together, that hee had almost shot the Goit out of his Toes ends, to make the Wench beleene he had one trick of youth in him. Yet now I remember mee she did not lye heere; and the reason is, because shee doth lye heere, and is now abed with Mistress *Mathea*; witness whereof, I haue set to my Hand & Seale, and meane presently to fetch her. *Exit Frisco.*

Pisa. Doe so *Frisco* Gentlemen and Friends,
Now shall you see, how I am wrong'd by him.
Lay she not heere? I thinke the world's growne wise,
Plaine folkes (as I) shall not know how to liue.

Enter Frisco.

Frisco. Shee comes, shee comes: a Hall, a Hall.

Enter Mathea, and Walgram in Womens attire.

Walg. Nay blush not wench, feare not, looke chearfully.
Good morrow Father; Good morrow Gentlemen;
Nay stare not, looke you heere, no monster I.
But euen plaine *Ned*: and heere stands *Matt* my Wife.
Know you her *Frenchman*? But she knowes me better.
Father, pray Father, let me haue your blessing,
For I haue blest you with a goodly Sonne;
Tis breeding heere yfayth, a iolly Boy.

Pisa. I am vndone, a reprobate, a slaue;
A scorne, a laughter, and a iesting stocke;
Giue me my Child, giue me my Daughter from you.

Moor. Master *Pisaro*, tis in vaine to fret,
And fume, and storme, it little now auayles:
These Gentlemen haue with your Daughters helpe,
Outstript you in your subtile enterprises:
And therefore, seeing they are well descended,

English men for my money. or,

Turne hate to loue, and let them haue their Loues,
Pisat: Is it euen so; why then I see that still.
Doe what we can, Women will haue their Will,
Gentlemen, you haue outreache me now,
VWhich were before you, any yet could doe:
You, that I thought should be my Sonnes indeed,
Must be content, since there's no hope to speed:
Others haue got, what you did thinke to gaine:
And yet beleue me, they haue tooke some paine.
VWell, take them, there; and with them, God giue ioy,
And Gentlemen, I doe intreat to morrow,
That you will Feaste with mee, for all this sorrow:
Though you are wedded, yet the Feasts not made:
Come let vs in, for all the stormes are past,
And heapes of ioy will follow on as fast.

FINIS.

perlegi.

